# CAPTAIN AMERICA
COMICS

NO. 64

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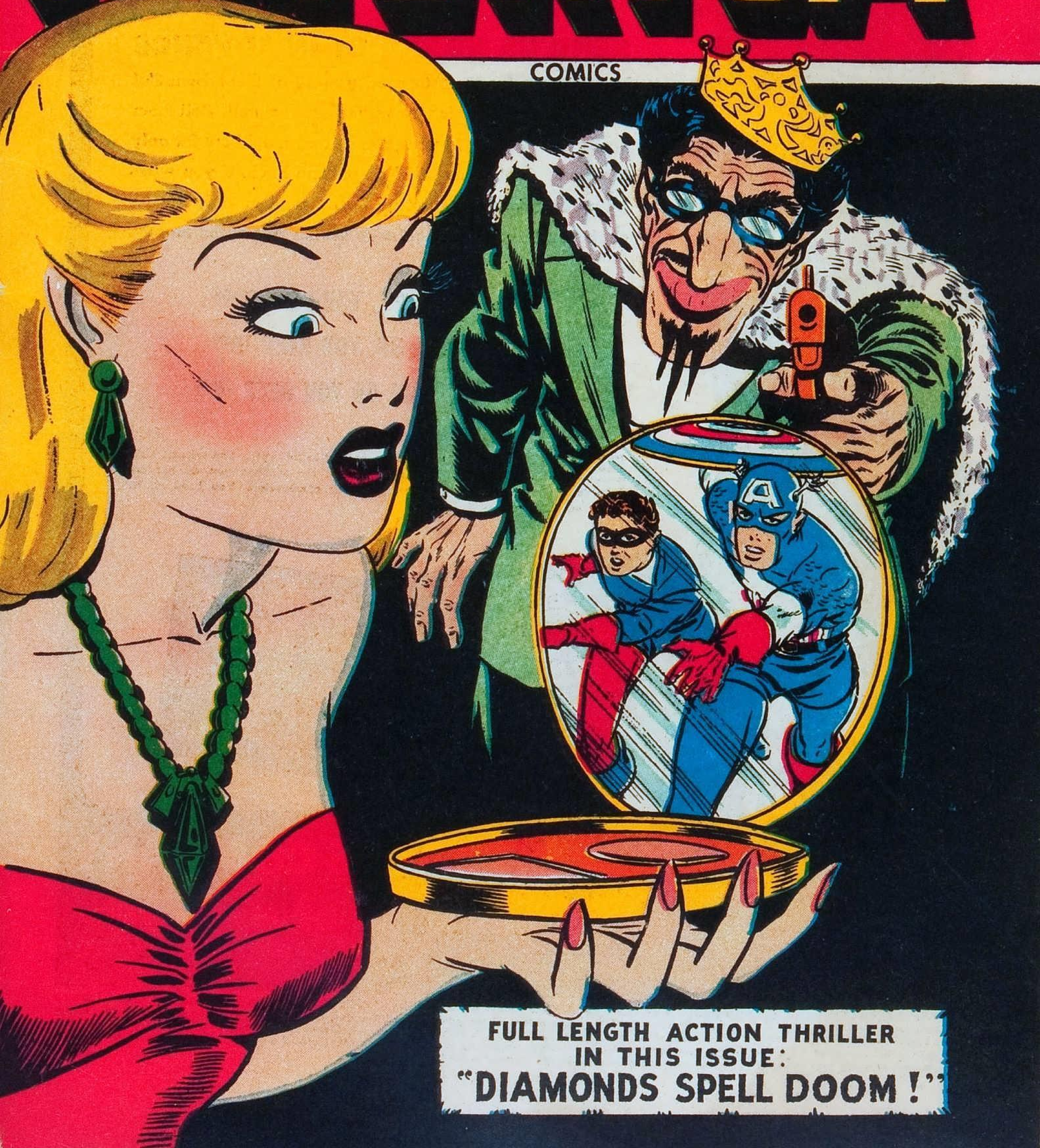
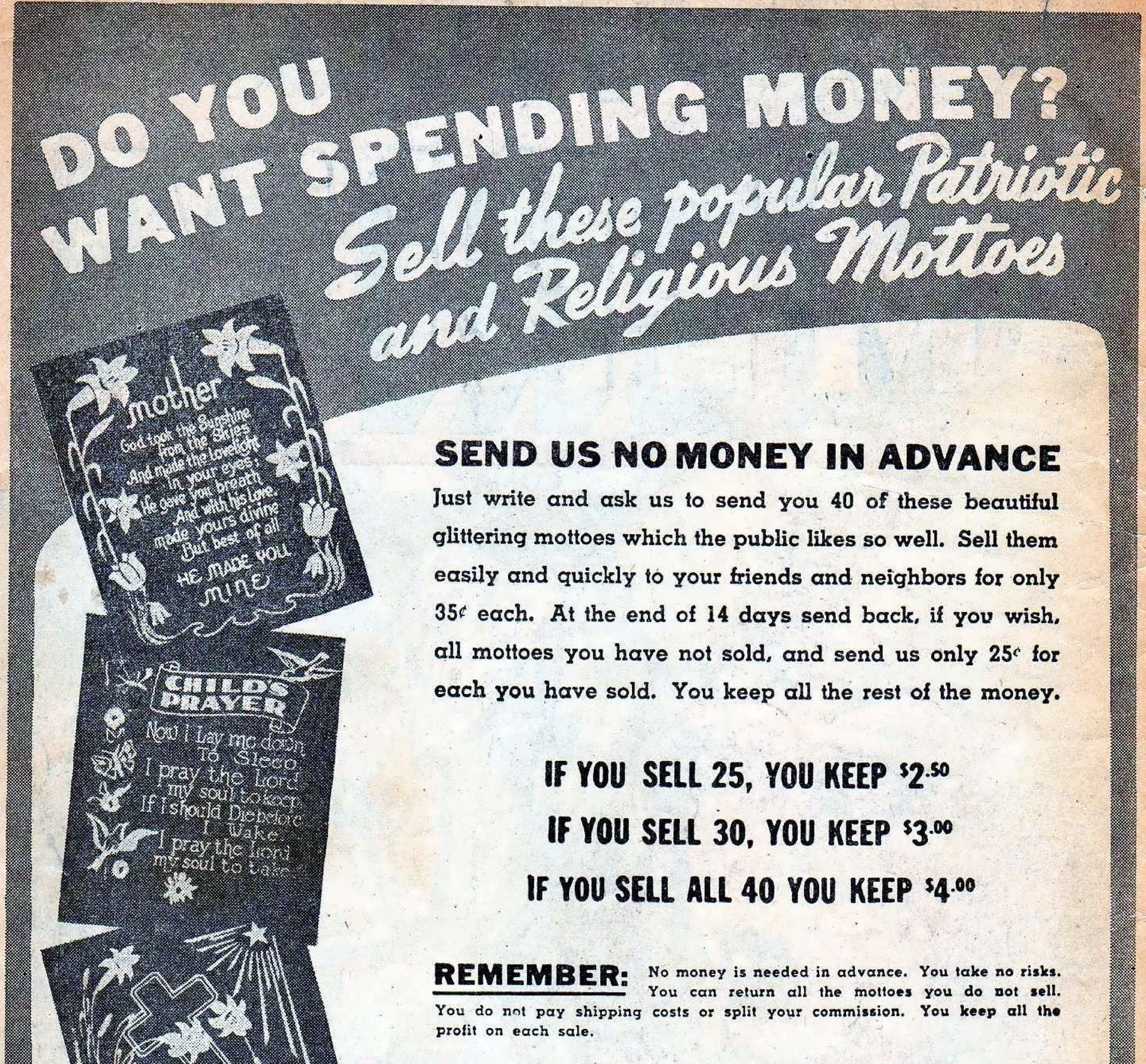


FULL LENGTH ACTION THRILLER
IN THIS ISSUE:
"DIAMONDS SPELL DOOM!"


DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?
Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes
mother
God took the Sunshine from the Skies
And made the Lovelight in your eyes;
He gave you breath
And with his Love,
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU MINE
CHILDS PRAYER
Now I Lay me down To Sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should Die before I Wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
The Way Of The CROSS
HOME
GOD BLESS AMERICA MY HOME SWEET HOME
God Bless OUR HOME
WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

**SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE**

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

**IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP $2.50**

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**IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP $4.00**

**REMEMBER:** No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

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CAPTAIN AMERICA
WANTED BY THE POLICE OF THREE CONTINENTS, A SINISTER VIXEN MATCHES WITS WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, THREATENING TO ENMESH THEM IN AN INDESTRUCTIBLE WEB OF DEATH!
"SPARKLES STRIKES BACK!"
SL-668

ONE DAY, IN THE FASHIONABLE SECTION OF THE CITY...
HSSST! HEY, SPARKLES!
OW!
CRACKER McGILLIS! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STAY OUT OF TOWN?
SLAP!
I TOLD YOU NO MORE JOBS UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF!
AW, GEE, SPARKLES, THE BOYS ARE ALL BROKE! CAN'T WE PULL JUST A LITTLE JOB?
NOT A THING TILL THIS BLOWS OVER! I GOT A PERFECT HIDEOUT AND I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL IT!
WELL, OKAY. LET US KNOW WHEN YA WANT US!
SOON...
THE NERVE OF THAT GUY! WANTING TO SPOIL THE BEST HIDEOUT I EVER HAD!
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME, MISS LABELLE! YOU KNOW YOU MUST TAKE JIMMY TO THE LEE SCHOOL PAGEANT!
SORRY, MA'AM! OH, WHAT A LOVELY NECKLACE!

YES, THEY'RE RARE KORNERUPINE RUBIES, FROM MADAGASCAR, WORTH---OH DEAR, **THOUSANDS!**
AND YOU'RE WEARING THEM TO THE LEE SCHOOL PAGEANT?
OF COURSE, MY DEAR! I'M TO BE ONE OF THE JUDGES, YOU KNOW!
ER---YES, MA'AM.
H'MM, OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ONLY ONCE!
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, JIMMY. GO IN THERE AND COMB YOUR HAIR.
CRACKER? STILL NEED MONEY? WELL, LISTEN CAREFULLY!
BOY, OH BOY!
*Later,* AT THE LEE SCHOOL...
GOOD THING I THOUGHT OF A TRIP FOR "STEVE" TO TAKE!
YOU BET, CAP! EVEN **YOU** CAN'T BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME!
OH-OH!
OOH, PARDON ME! I THOUGHT...
COME IN, BETSY!
NO, THANK YOU!
SLAM
BUCKY, THAT GAL HAS ABSOLUTELY NO USE FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
SHE'S TOO WRAPPED UP IN STEVE ROGERS TO TALK TO RUFFIANS LIKE US!

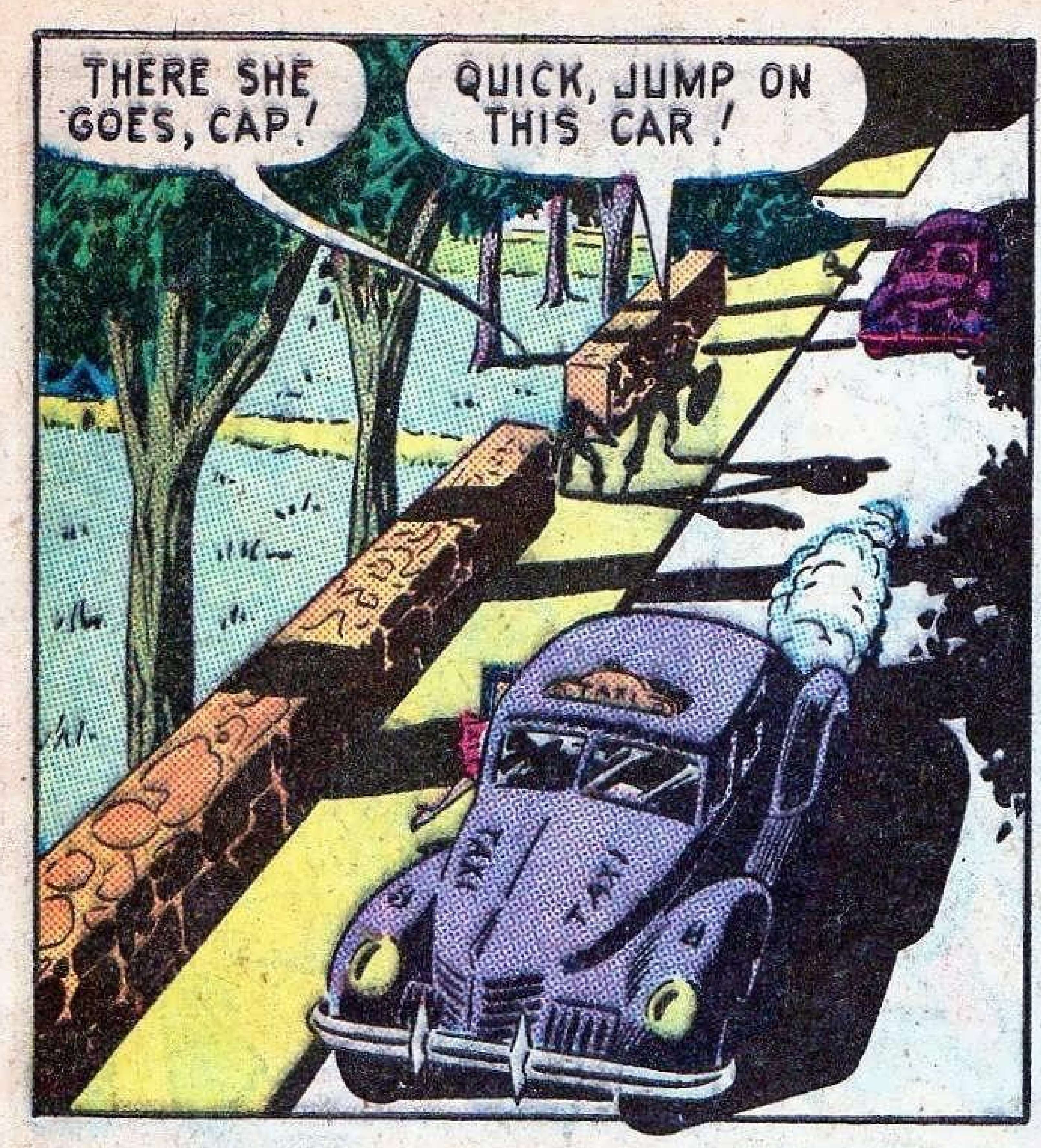
SOON, IN THE MAIN AUDITORIUM...
THERE'S BETSY IN HER JOAN OF ARC COSTUME! SHE BORROWED IT FROM A MUSEUM! IT'S THE **REAL THING!** AND THE BLACK WIG MAKES HER ROLE PERFECT!
OH, CAPTAIN AMERICA! HOW **NICE** TO SEE YOU! I'M TOLD YOU'RE THE MODERN HERO IN OUR LITTLE PAGEANT OF THE AGES!
YES, I AM!
AREN'T YOU AFRAID TO BE CARRYING ALL THAT "ICE" AROUND?
"ICE"? OH, THESE! DEAR ME, NO! WITH YOU AND CAPTAIN AMERICA HERE, HOW COULD I..?
JUST THE SAME, MRS. MONITAWKS, WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT...
CRACKER AND THE BOYS ARE SET. NOW, IF I CAN ONLY GET THAT DAME AWAY FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA!
LISTEN, CRACKER, TAKE A COUPLE OF THE BOYS AND GO BACKSTAGE!
I GOT YA, SPARKLES!
NOW IF THE HEROES AND JUDGES WILL PLEASE COME ON STAGE, THE JUDGING WILL BEGIN!
C'MON, CAP! LET'S GO AND GET THIS THING OVER!
4

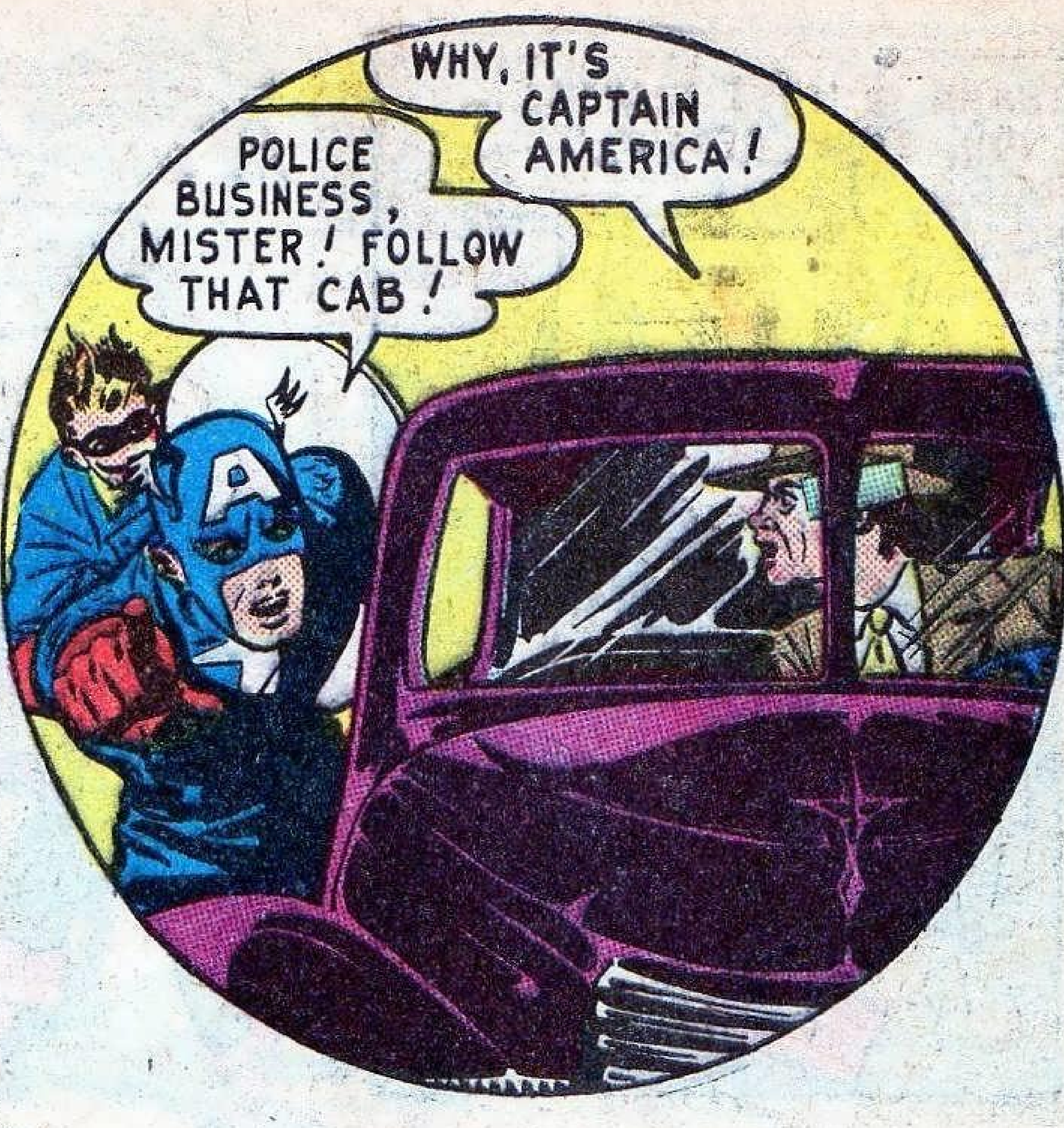
AND BESIDES THE LOVELY JOAN OF ARC, WE HAVE OUR MODERN HEROES, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
MUST GET CLOSER TO OLD MONITAWKS BEFORE CRACKER LETS GO!
While BACKSTAGE...
SPARKLES IS A WONDER GAL FOR IDEAS! BET THIS SENDS 'EM RUNNING!
Then...
FIRE! FIRE!
WHA..?
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
EXIT
But SUDDENLY...
C'MON, BUCKY! LET'S FIND THAT FIRE!
HEY! MRS. MONITAWKS IS FALLING!
THE CLUMSY SOW!
YOU HELP HER! I'LL GET THE FIRE!
RIGHT!
OH OH! TOO MANY PEOPLE AROUND! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL LATER!
SHE'S ONLY STUNNED! I'LL TAKE HER INTO THE REST LOUNGE, BUCKY!
HEY, BUCKY!
FINE! DON'T LET ANYONE NEAR HER... HEY! THAT SOUNDS LIKE CAP!

COMING, CAP!
GET IN ON THIS, BUCKY!
RIGHT, CAP! BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND!
THAT'S THAT!
DROP THAT! YOU'RE NO WOODSMAN!
END OF ROUND ONE, FIRE BUG!
I'LL BREAK THIS UP!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
But BEFORE CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN REACH CRACKER...
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?
HE CUT THE ROPES!
And MOMENTS LATER...
THEY'VE GONE!
'FRAID SO, BUCKY! WELL, LET'S GO FIND OUT IF MRS. MONITAWKS HURT HERSELF!

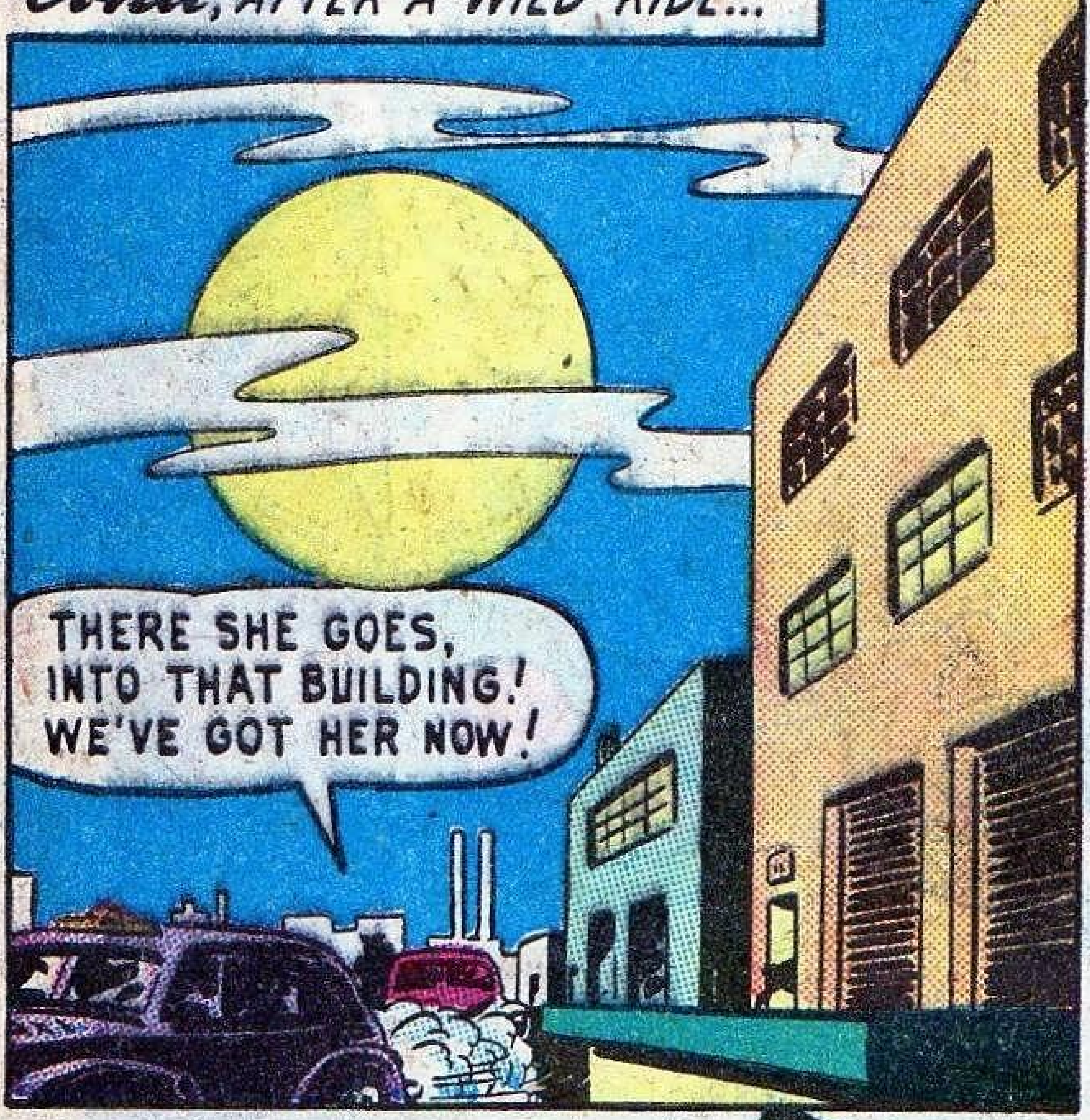
HOW IS SHE, BETSY?
STILL A LITTLE WOOZY. NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, I'LL BRING HER SOME WATER! DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE HER WITH ALL THAT JEWELRY!
WE'LL WAIT OUT HERE, BUCKY. YOU KNOW, I'M WONDERING IF THAT FIRE TIES IN WITH MRS. MONITAWKS!
HOW COULD IT, CAP? I SAW HER FALL OFF THE STAGE MYSELF!
MEANWHILE...
FIRST "JOAN OF ARC" AND NOW THOSE TWO BULLDOGS! IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL NEVER...
SAY, MAYBE "JOAN OF ARC" CAN HELP ME AFTER ALL!
SORRY, SISTER, BUT IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK!
OH!
THAT COSTUME IS JUST WHAT I NEED!
And SO, MOMENTS LATER...
GLAD YOU'RE BACK! TAKE OVER, WILL YOU? BUCKY AND I HAVE WORK TO DO!
SHE NEVER WASTES WORDS ON YOU, CAP!
MMMM!

THANK YOU, MISS ROSS! I COULD USE A DRINK OF WATER!
JUST A MINUTE, DEARIE!
IS THIS WATER ENOUGH?
OH!
THIS IS ALMOST **TOO** EASY! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!
I GOT THEM, CRACKER! GET THAT GIRL OUT THE BACK WAY TO THE HIDEOUT!
GOOD WORK, SPARKLES!
**CAPTAIN AMERICA!** MRS. MONITAWKS HAS BEEN ROBBED!
**WHAT!** C'MON, BUCKY, LET'S GO!
THOSE CROOKS MUST HAVE STAYED IN THE BUILDING! WE SHOULD'VE KEPT AN EYE ON MRS. MONITAWKS!
FOOLS! RUSHING AROUND LIKE YAPPING PUPPIES!
**SHE TOOK THEM!** BETSY ROSS HIT ME AND TOOK MY RUBIES!
**BETSY ROSS?**
WHY, WE JUST SAW... C'MON, BUCKY, SHE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!

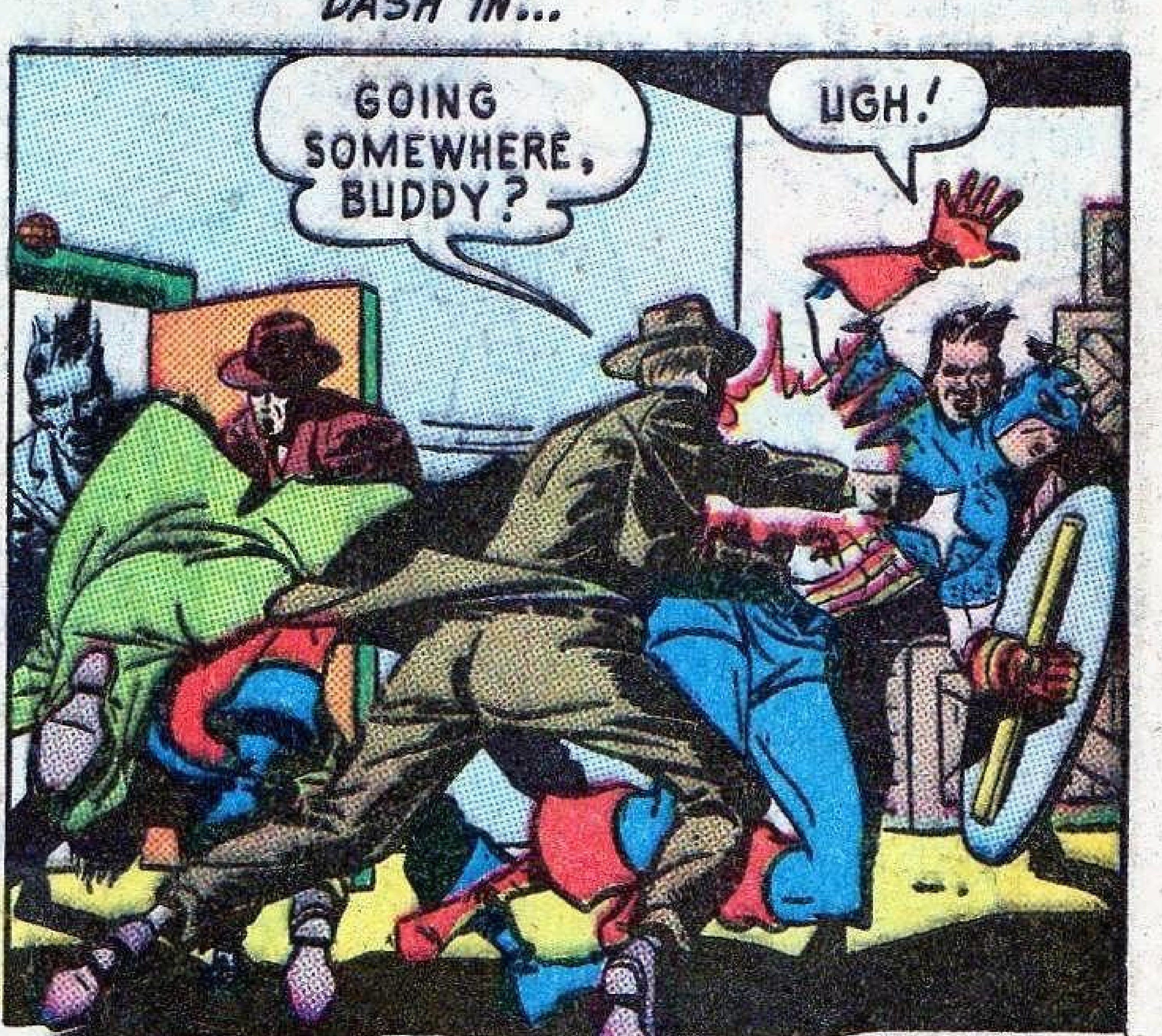

THERE SHE GOES, CAP!
QUICK, JUMP ON THIS CAR!

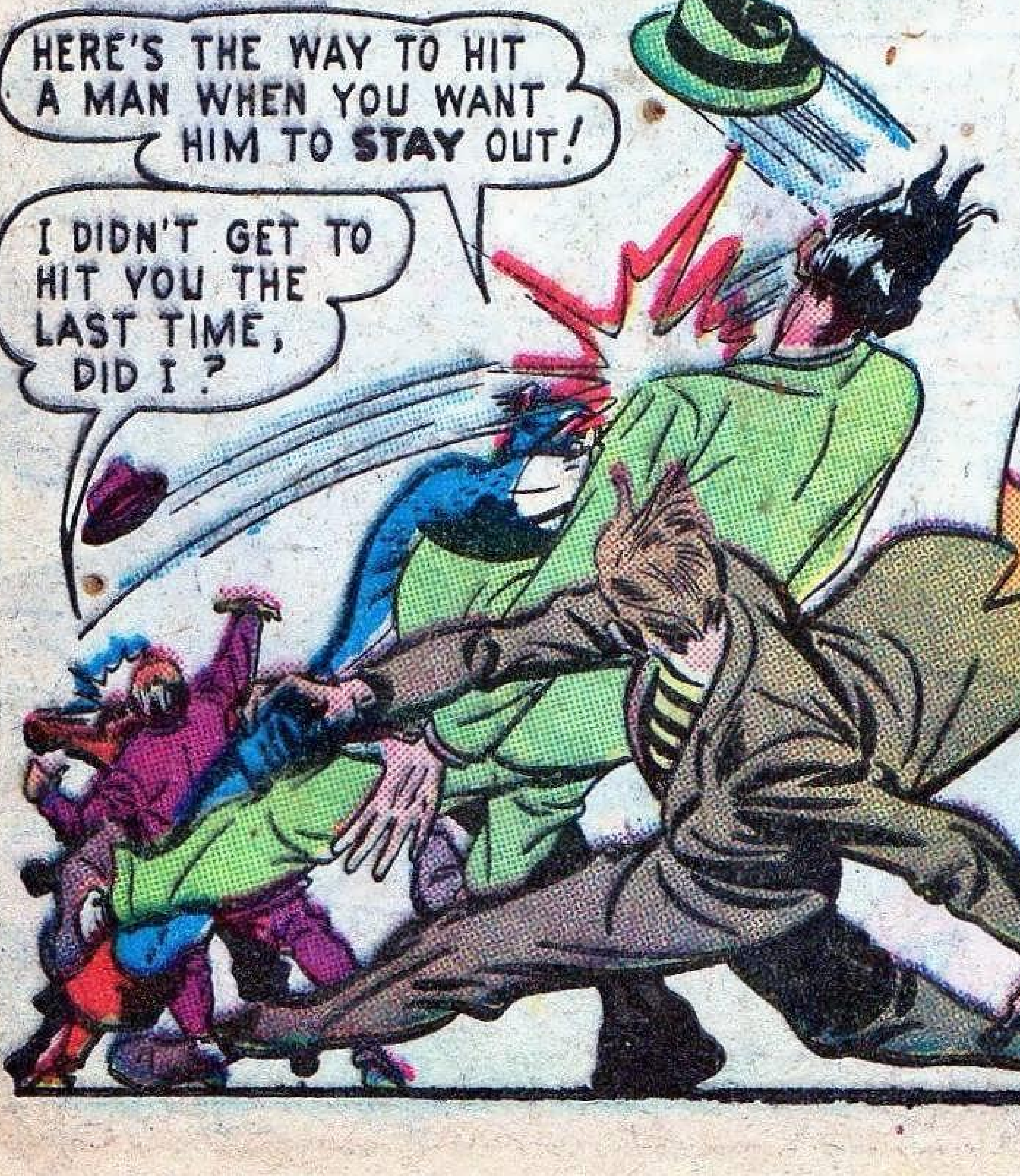

WHY, IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
POLICE BUSINESS, MISTER! FOLLOW THAT CAB!

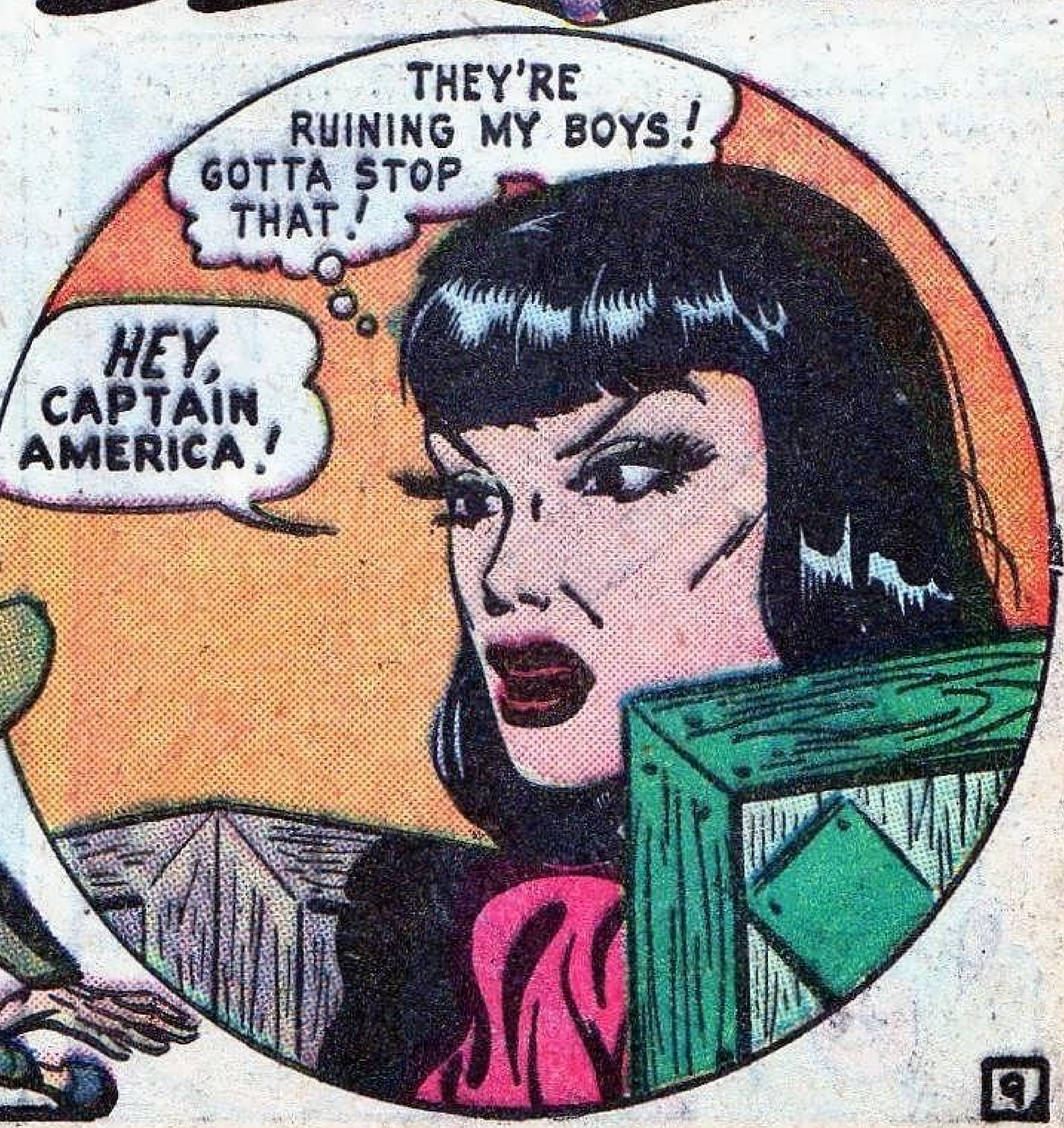
*And*, AFTER A WILD RIDE...


THERE SHE GOES, INTO THAT BUILDING! WE'VE GOT HER NOW!

*But* AS SOON AS THE CRIME-BUSTERS DASH IN...


GOING SOMEWHERE, BUDDY?
UGH!


HERE'S THE WAY TO HIT A MAN WHEN YOU WANT HIM TO **STAY** OUT!
I DIDN'T GET TO HIT YOU THE LAST TIME, DID I?


THEY'RE RUINING MY BOYS! GOTTA STOP THAT!
*HEY*, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HEY! THAT'S NOT BETSY!
IT'S MRS. MONITAWKS' MAID! I DON'T GET IT!
But TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DISTRACTION...
YES YOU DO, CHUM!
AND SOME TIME LATER...
SO YOU'RE HERE TOO, BETSY!
CERTAINLY! BUT NO THANKS TO YOU! LETTING SPARKLES LABELLE OUTWIT YOU!
SPARKLES LABELLE? YOU MEAN THE NOTORIOUS JEWEL THIEF?
EASY, CHUM, OR I'LL BLAST YOU APART!
YOU DON'T KNOW SPARKLES VERY WELL, DO YOU? DON'T YOU KNOW SHE'S DOUBLE-CROSSING YOU?
BAH! SHE'LL BE BACK, SOON AS THEY GET THE REST OF THE STUFF!
ATTA BOY, CAP! GO TO WORK ON HIM!
SHE'LL BE BACK AND TAKE A CHANCE WITH COPS? DON'T BE A FOOL!
H'MM... I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!
THANKS, PAL! THAT GUN WAS WORRYING ME!
YOU GOT HIM!
BETSY! GET THESE ROPES!

AFTER LEAVING THE WAREHOUSE...
WHERE TO NOW, CAP?
THE GUARD SAID THEY WENT AFTER MORE LOOT! MY GUESS IS SPARKLES TOOK THEM BACK TO THE MONITAWKS' APARTMENT!
And SO, A SHORT TIME LATER...
OH-OH! VISITORS! GET SET, BOYS!
But, AS THEY ENTER...
YOUNG MAN, THERE'S A BELL ON THAT DOOR!
BUT, I THOUGHT..?
B-BUT THAT NECKLACE! IT WAS STOLEN!
STOLEN? HOW SILLY!
SORRY, MRS. MONITAWKS! WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES SOMETIMES!
OH, PLEASE, PLEASE! DON'T SHOOT!
SKIP IT, SISTER! YOU DID A SWELL JOB! NOW GIVE THE RUBIES BACK BEFORE THAT STUPID CAPTAIN AMERICA FIGURES THIS OUT!

Then!
WHY DON'T YOU WAIT FOR GUESTS TO LEAVE BEFORE YOU START TALKING ABOUT THEM?
DROP THAT, BUD! YOU'LL HURT SOMEBODY!
HEY, CAP! I'VE HIT THIS GUY THREE TIMES TODAY!
GUESS THIS WINDS IT UP, EH, CAP?
JUST ABOUT, EXCEPT FOR... **HEY,** THERE GOES SPARKLES!
But, AS SPARKLES PASSES BETSY ROSS...
WHERE ARE **YOU** GOING?
HEY, CAP, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!
LATER, AFTER THE CRIMINALS ARE SECURELY BOUND...
MISS LABELLE CAME BACK FOR **MORE** OF MY JEWELS! THAT WAS WHEN THEY GOT ME, AND...
YES, YES, MRS. MONITAWKS, I UNDERSTAND!
I GUESS YOU'LL THINK MORE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AFTER THIS, EH, BETSY?
OH, I'M **GRATEFUL,** OF COURSE! STILL, I THINK YOU COULD HAVE USED **MORE** BRAINS AND **LESS** BRAWN! STEVE ROGERS WOULD HAVE, I'M SURE! GOOD-BYE!
THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA
"DIAMONDS SPELL DOOM!"

AT THE LEE SCHOOL...
ALL DONE, BUCKY! WE CAN GO HOME NOW!
OKAY, STEVE!
)=1XY
2X − 10 = −2
2X = 8
X = 4
...AT THE END OF A BUSY DAY, STEVE ROGERS AND HIS YOUNG STUDENT, BUCKY BARNES, REMAIN AFTER CLASS TO CATCH UP ON SOME SPECIAL WORK—AND FINALLY...
HEY, LOOK! A LIGHT IN THE DEAN'S OFFICE!
THAT'S FUNNY! DEAN THORP SAID HE WAS GOING HOME EARLY!
LOOK! SOMEONE'S AT THE SAFE!
SCHOOL FUNDS ARE KEPT IN THERE! LOOKS LIKE BURGLARY!
A SWITCH INTO ACTION COSTUMES!
LET'S GO, KID!
ALL RIGHT, YOU!
WAIT, BUCKY! IT'S DEAN THORP HIMSELF!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! ER... DID YOU THINK I WAS... UH... STEALING THE SCHOOL'S FUNDS?
YOU ANSWER THAT ONE, SIR!
2

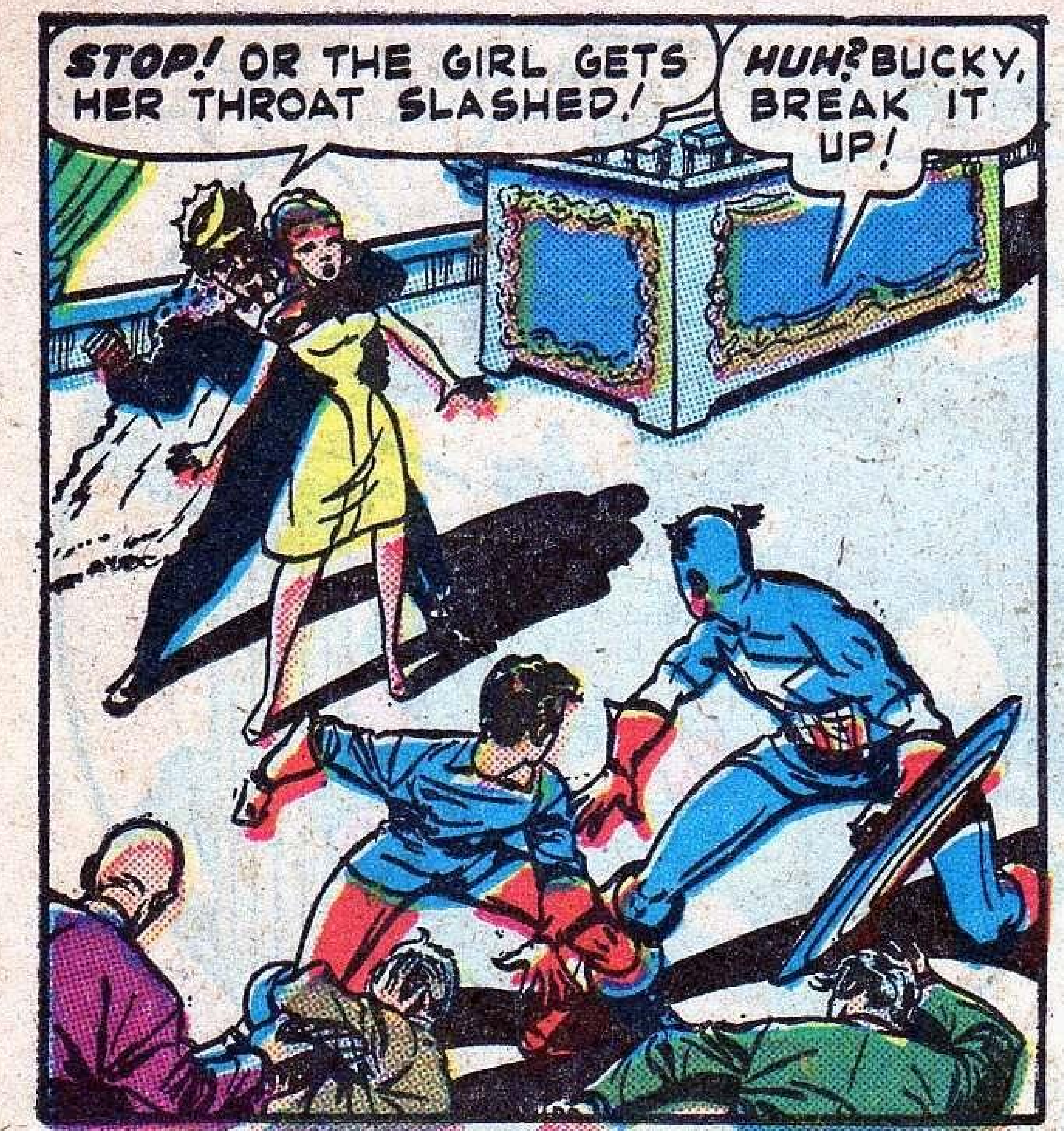
OH, WHY TRY TO LIE? YES, I **WAS THINKING** OF TAKING THE FUNDS! I'M IN DEEP TROUBLE!
MAYBE ***I*** CAN HELP!
*THEN, FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS...*
OH, IT'S ***MY*** FAULT! MY UNCLE WAS GOING TO GIVE THE MONEY TO ***ME!***
SYLVIA! WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY HIDDEN?
MY NIECE, SYLVIA, WORKS FOR THE GAYLORD JEWELRY COMPANY!
I WEAR SOME OF THEIR ITEMS TO SOCIAL FUNCTIONS AROUND TOWN, FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES!
THREE NIGHTS AGO, MISTER GAYLORD TOLD ME TO WEAR A CERTAIN DIAMOND NECKLACE TO THE CROWN COLONY CLUB! HE FIGURED RICH WOMEN THERE WOULD SEE THE NECKLACE AND WANT TO BUY IT!
*"KING LEER, THE OWNER OF THE NIGHTCLUB, SEATED ME AT A TABLE HIMSELF!"*
GAYLORD TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING! I'LL SEAT YOU SO THAT EVERYONE CAN SEE THE NECKLACE! IT HELPS ***MY*** BUSINESS TOO, YOU KNOW!
THANK YOU!
*"BUT LATER, A CLUMSY WAITER SPILLED FOOD ON ME!"*
I'M SO SORRY, MADAM!
***OOH!***

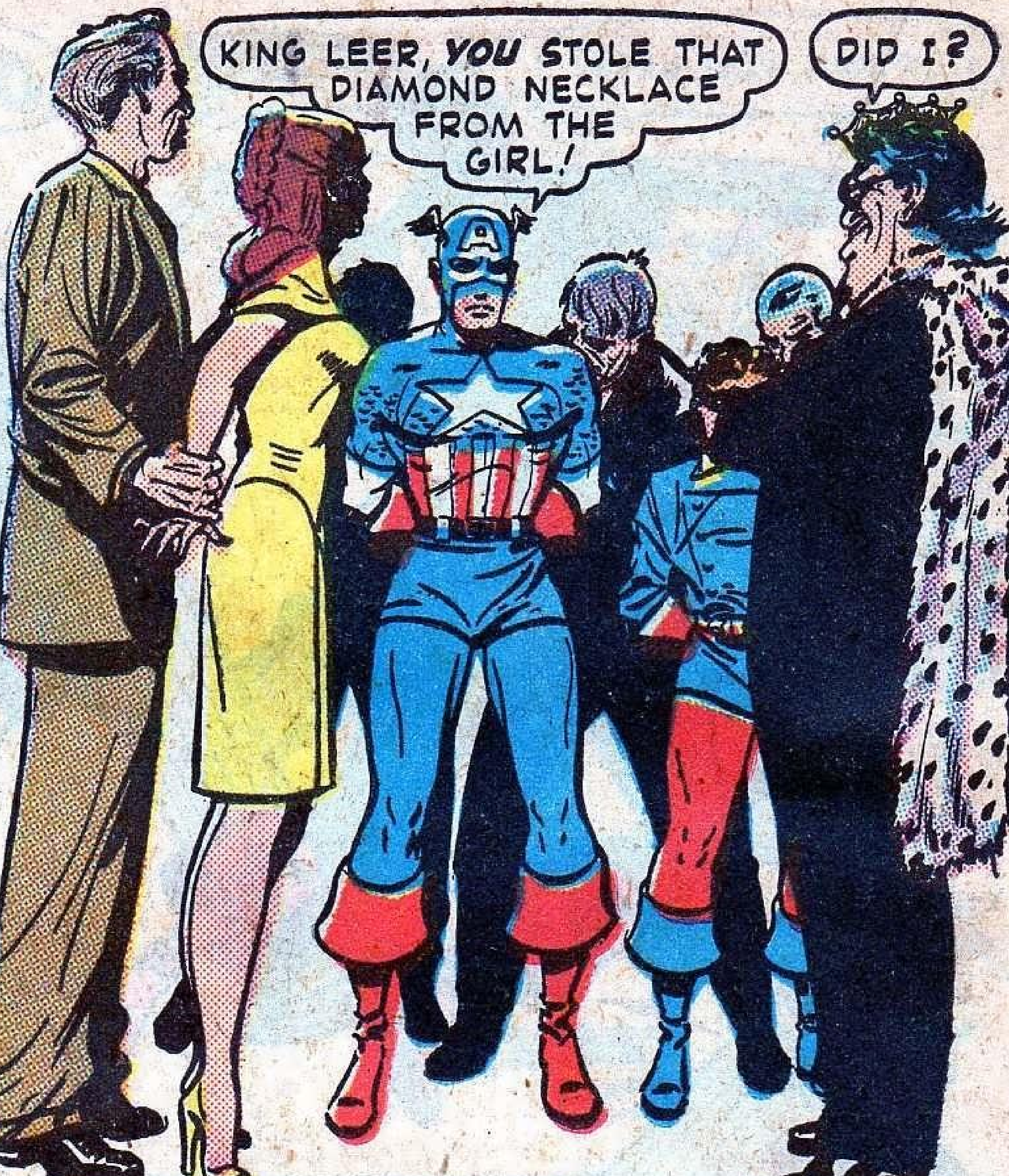
COME WITH ME, MISS! I'LL CLEAN OFF THE SPOTS! KING LEER SENT ME!
OH, THANK YOU!
CIGARETTES
I'D BETTER REMOVE THE NECKLACE WHILE WE WIPE OFF YOUR SHOULDER AND NECK, SO IT WON'T GET SPOTTED!
YOU'RE SO KIND!
"I WENT BACK TO MY TABLE, AND THE REST OF THE EVENING PASSED UNEVENTFULLY. THE NEXT MORNING, AT MISTER GAYLORD'S OFFICE, THE HORRIBLE TRUTH CAME OUT!"
SOON... THERE! I'M ALL CLEANED UP NOW! PUT THE NECKLACE BACK ON, PLEASE!
YES, MISS!
THIS IS AN IMITATION! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
IMITATION? BUT...?
I HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS! PAY ME THE VALUE OF THE NECKLACE—$22,000—WITHIN THREE DAYS, OR I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!
I WAS FRANTIC! I WENT BACK TO THE NIGHTCLUB, BUT KING LEER WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME IN!
SO YOU CAME TO YOUR UNCLE, DEAN THORP, AND IN DESPERATION HE THOUGHT OF USING THE SCHOOL FUNDS TO COVER THE $22,000!

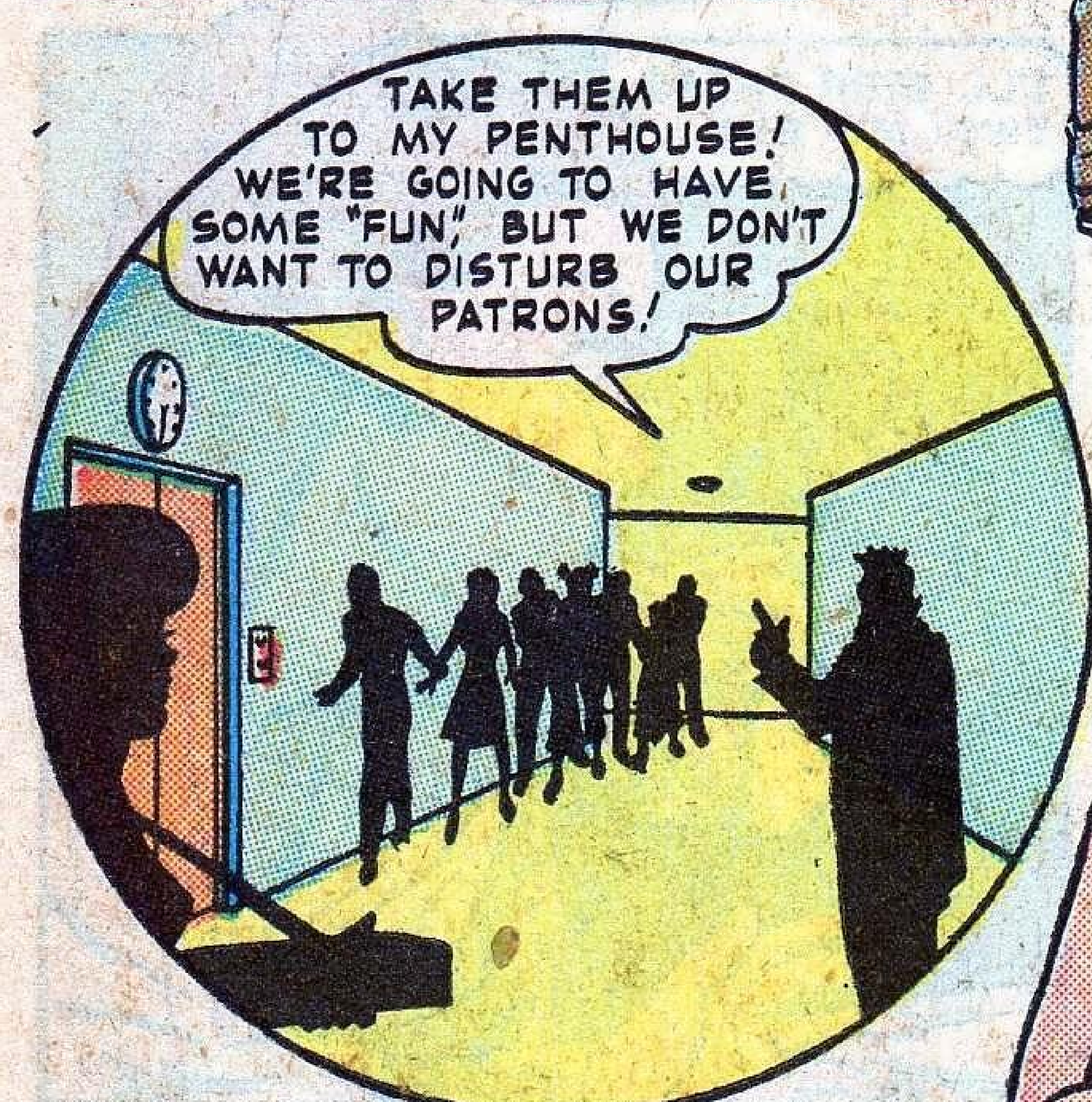
CAN YOU HELP US, CAPTAIN AMERICA? PERHAPS *YOU* COULD FIND THE ORIGINAL DIAMOND NECKLACE?
HMM! I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA! WE'RE GOING TO VISIT THE CROWN COLONY CLUB *TONIGHT!*
SYLVIA IS COMING ALONG, TO SHOW ME JUST WHERE IT ALL HAPPENED!
LATER...
HERE'S THE CLUB! BUT WE'RE NOT GOING IN THE FRONT ENTRANCE! THERE MUST BE A BACK ENTRANCE IN THE ALLEY!
CROWN
THE DOOR'S LOCKED!
HEY, CAP! BOOST ME UP! I'LL GET IN!
WHEN YOU'RE IN, UNLOCK THE DOOR FOR US, BUCKY!
THEN...
GOOD! NOW TO DO SOME SEARCHING!

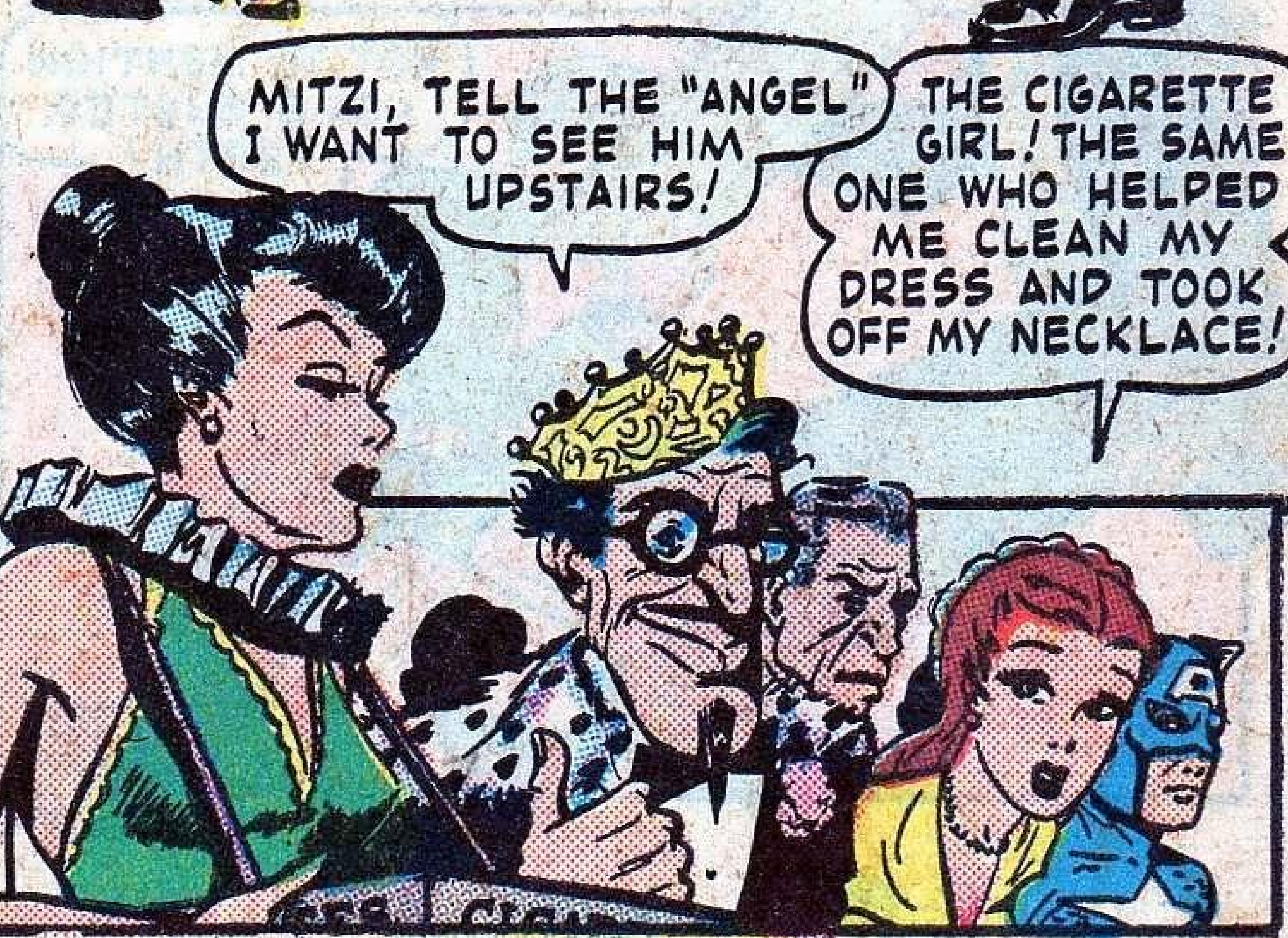
YOU MEAN FOR THE NECKLACE?
YES! IF KING LEER ENGINEERED THE SWITCH, THE NECKLACE IS HIDDEN HERE SOMEWHERE! AH, HIS OFFICE!
NO ONE HERE! START SEARCHING!
SUDDENLY!
AHEM! LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?
KING LEER!
ALL YOU FOUND WAS TROUBLE! JUMP 'EM, MEN!
OKAY, BOSS!
ALWAYS READY TO GREET A "RECEPTION COMMITTEE!"
HIT MY SHIELD ALL YOU WANT, PAL!

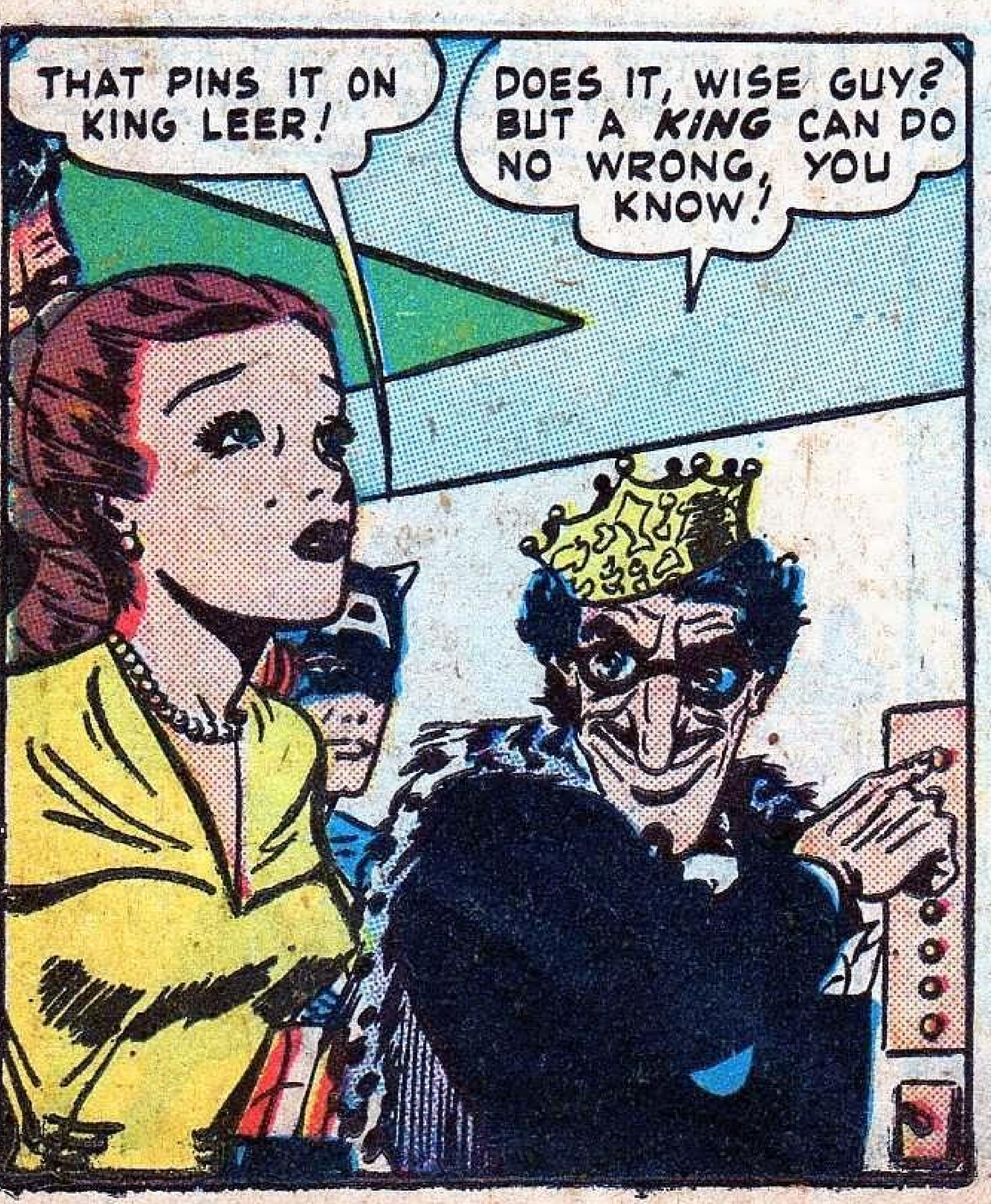
I CROWN YOU "KING"!
CRACK!
OWWW!
A "BUSTED" HAND FOR YOU, EH?
KRACK!
NOT TO MENTION SOME BUSTED TEETH!
I'LL STOP THOSE TWO! MY GUN...
NO YOU DON'T!
YEOWW!
I'LL STOP THE FIGHT YET, SISTER— *WITH YOUR HELP!*

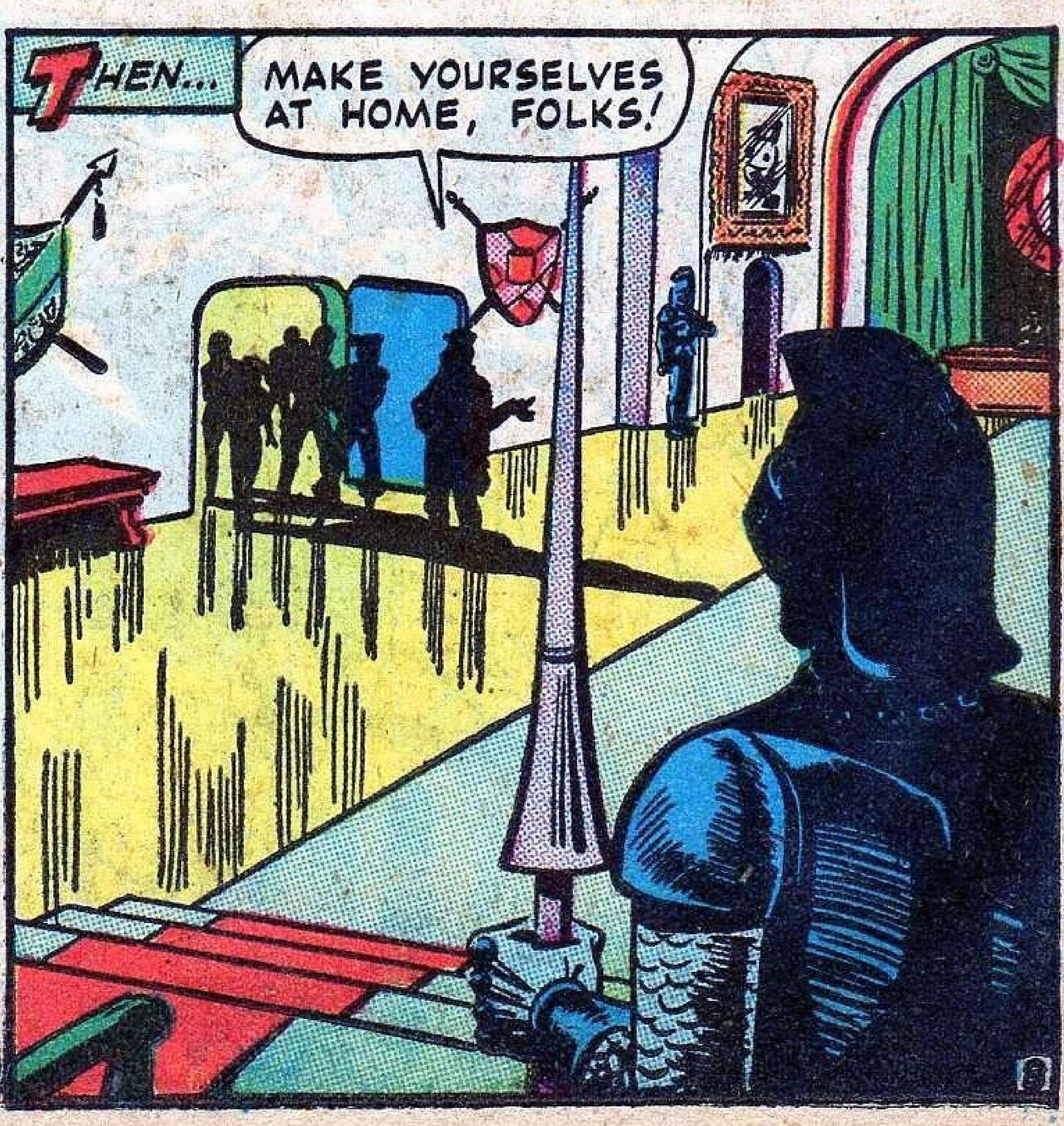

STOP! OR THE GIRL GETS HER THROAT SLASHED!
HUH? BUCKY, BREAK IT UP!


KING LEER, YOU STOLE THAT DIAMOND NECKLACE FROM THE GIRL!
DID I?


TAKE THEM UP TO MY PENTHOUSE! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME "FUN," BUT WE DON'T WANT TO DISTURB OUR PATRONS!


MITZI, TELL THE "ANGEL" I WANT TO SEE HIM UPSTAIRS!
THE CIGARETTE GIRL! THE SAME ONE WHO HELPED ME CLEAN MY DRESS AND TOOK OFF MY NECKLACE!


THAT PINS IT ON KING LEER!
DOES IT, WISE GUY? BUT A KING CAN DO NO WRONG, YOU KNOW!


THEN...
MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, FOLKS!

THIS IS THE "ANGEL," MY CHIEF BOUNCER FOR THE CLUB!
NOW UNTIE HIS HANDS! A KING MUST BE AMUSED, YOU KNOW!
NOW BEGIN THE SHOW! DON'T BREAK HIS NECK TOO SOON, "ANGEL"! STRETCH IT OUT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL BE KILLED BEFORE OUR EYES! I--- I CAN'T LOOK!
(GULP!)
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS FACED BY THE BATTLE OF HIS LIFE! TWO ENORMOUS ARMS SEIZE HIM UP LIKE A RAG DOLL!
(GASP!)
GRRRRR!
HE IS FLUNG TO THE FLOOR WITH BONE SHATTERING FORCE!
THUD!

AND A BRUTAL KICK SMASHES INTO HIS RIBS!
...TO SMASH BACK!
THUD
UGGGGG!
THE "ANGEL"—OUT COLD! WE'LL JUMP HIM, BOSS!
NO! LET ME HANDLE THIS PERSONALLY! I SENTENCE HIM TO EXECUTION, BY THIS BATTLE-AX!
IS CAPTAIN AMERICA TAKING IT LYING DOWN? IS HE TOO FRIGHTENED TO PUT UP A FIGHT? OR IS IT A CUNNING RUSE?
IT WAS MY ONLY CHANCE—TO PLAY WEAK AT FIRST! THAT BIG APE WILL RELAX, AND THINK I'M A PUSHOVER! AND NOW'S THE TIME...
CRACK!
TIMBER!
BUT ALL THIS TIME, BUCKY HAS NOT BEEN IDLE!

NO YOU DON'T, YOUR MAJESTY!
NICE GOING, BUCKY!
EEK!
LOOK! THE DIAMOND NECKLACE WAS HIDDEN IN THAT TRAY!
RETTES
AND NOW DEAN THORP ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE!
I DECIDED TO BRING THE POLICE AND...
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HEAR A CONFESSION!
GAYLORD HIMSELF, TOLD ME THE NECKLACE WOULD BE DISPLAYED AT THE CLUB BY HIS MODEL! SO I HAD THE IMITATION MADE! MY WAITER SPILLED SOUP ON THE GIRL, SO SHE HAD TO GO TO THE LOUNGE! THERE, THE CIGARETTE GIRL PULLED THE SWITCH!
WE'LL RETURN THE NECKLACE TO GAYLORD! SYLVIA IS CLEARED!
THANK YOU SO MUCH, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
LATER...
I'M GLAD THE LEE SCHOOL IS SAVED FROM A BIG SCANDAL! IF THE SCHOOL FUNDS WERE MISSING...
BUT DEAN THORP WOULDN'T HAVE REALLY TAKEN THE MONEY, STEVE! HE FOUGHT THE TEMPTATION AND WON, ESPECIALLY WHEN CAPTAIN AMERICA CAME ALONG!
THE END

# RECRUIT

WHETHER it was luck or not Johnny Walsh didn't know. Whatever its component parts, he had made a sweet record for himself in the Department. He'd gone forward steadily. This afternoon the only thing worrying him was that he was acting on the strength of a tip. Something he'd never done before. There hadn't ever been any luck or guess work about it before. No one could ever say he hadn't used his head.

Carefully Johnny Walsh reviewed the facts. The tip had informed him that Ducky Donaldson, the killer, was lying wounded in a certain house near the edge of the city.

Now Johnny stepped off the bus, paused briefly to get his bearings. This was a scattered district, occupied mostly by warehouses and railroad sidings. The air was heavy with the smell of crude oil. Johnny moved on, sure of his surroundings.

Brief uneasiness thrust itself inside his mind. He and Mary hadn't patched up their quarrel yet. But tonight on top of this haul Johnny was about to make, and after he'd taken her to that spiffy night club, everything should be jake again. Mary was a swell kid, but headstrong. She had been so stubborn about joining the police force.

Johnny's footsteps took him along an alley. His muscle were ready. A faint smile touched his strong mouth as he tried a door. This was routine stuff. Confidently he touched the .38 under his arm.

Johnny Walsh pushed back the door. Nobody behind it. He stepped through, probing the dark ahead with careful eyes. There was still the smell of crude oil, and smoke from switch engines. Johnny moved in—

The blow drove pain down to his toes. Then there wasn't anything but the endless black space through which he was falling.

. . . Light hurt Johnny's eyes when he opened them. A muttered warning came through the buzz ringing in his head. He felt as if a pile-driver had smacked him.

A sleek voice remarked, "Nice meeting you, kid. How goes it?"

"Okay, okay," Johnny growled. He saw Ducky Donaldson. Evidently this was a trap into which Johnny had blindly walked. Ducky seemed all too healthy . . . "Everybody makes a mistake once," the young detective growled.

"But usually *only* once," Donaldson observed. "Take yourself, for instance."

Johnny settled his bound body against the wall. The room contained a few chairs and a table; a light was hanging from the center of the ceiling. Strands of cobwebs floated from the dusty cord.

Donaldson's arms were folded upon the table-top, his snake-like black eyes fixed upon his captive. Three assistants waited silently.

"Okay," Johnny said. "What about me?"

Donaldson's thin smile revealed good-looking white teeth. "I've just been thinking about my kid brother."

Silence for a moment. Johnny's mind ticked backward. Revenge angle, he realized. This made his chances pretty slim. "I remember him. He got what was coming to him, like all the rest of you guys!"

Donaldson's fingers drummed, relaxed. "My kid brother and I squabbled. It wasn't much. If he'd had time to cool off, he'd have come back and played along. But he didn't have time, Johnny. You got him first. Remember?"

It hadn't occurred to Johnny to be afraid. Donaldson's recital was merely a flashback of facts.

Ducky flipped two tickets to a swanky spot to the floor. "Had a date with your girl for tonight, eh, Johnny?"

Johnny's grey eyes touched them briefly, swung back to the face of the man trying to torment him.

Slowly the killer stood up, and nodded to his confederates. "Johnny, we're going to take you for a sight-seeing trip. Past headquarters, around where your girl lives . . ." Donaldson smiled thinly. "In fact, we're going to give her a taste of what you gave my kid brother." Again a pause and once more that maddeningly cool voice. "I'm going to let you sit in on that, Johnny. And then, we'll visit where my kid brother was buried. The cemetery. And, the last stop!"

. . . The car skimmed forward. It was dark and traffic was thin. Johnny Walsh rested, aware of the sickening dread within him. He wouldn't have minded if Mary hadn't been hauled into this.

"Headquarters, Johnny." Ducky Donaldson's voice was smooth hate. "Nice place, Johnny. Take a last look."

The car swirled past. The driver was careful now. They left the business district. Donaldson had mentioned three points of interest. Headquarters building. The cemetery last. In between those two points would be—

Mary . . . Mary coming out of the apartment house, expecting him to be waiting as usual. Mary with that odd smile about her lips, that had teased and pouted at the same time.

This was the street. Johnny closed his eyes. He was bound and gagged. There was an arsenal of guns in this death-trap. The man beside the driver cradled a sub-machine gun.

Donaldson laughed softly. "You're on time, Johnny. As usual." Silence while the big car was gliding forward. Ducky said with a slight intake of breath, "There's the dame. Easy, Mike. Take a look, Johnny. A *good* look. Closer, Mike—"

They were almost opposite where she stood. Johnny Walsh yanked his feet into the air. With all the strength of his bound body, he drove his heels against the skull of the killer with the machine gun. He heard Mike cursing.

Johnny Walsh reared forward, then slammed his body backward into the right side corner, crushing the second gun-man. He heard Ducky's snarl of rage. Tires squealed as the death-car suddenly shot forward.

For the second time that day something crashed against Johnny Walsh's head. He slid off into blackness.

. . . It was still black. The air was chilly and damp as Johnny Walsh opened his eyes. He realized the fluttering pin-points of light above him were stars. Wind rattled in near-by woods.

Someone jabbed him roughly in the side. Ducky Donaldson snarled, "Okay, copper. Get up. You saved the dame but not yourself. Get up!"

He gave Johnny a shove as the latter gained his feet. They were ploughing clumsily away through the woods. Branches slapped at Johnny's face. One jabbed him in the eye. He floundered helplessly, blinded by tears and pain.

"Here!" the killer ordered. "Take a last look!"

He pointed with his toe to where a slab of marble marked a plain grave. A little mound of ground. It seemed so small. But "Peg" Donaldson hadn't been more than a shrimp. Almost as small as Ducky—

The latter's lips flicked savagely. Johnny laughed.

"What are you waiting for? Want me to grovel? Plead for my life? I can take it!"

Donaldson's gun hand smashed the words off short. Johnnie felt his head spinning sickeningly. He went down onto his knees . . .

Over beside a monument something moved. Out of the corners of his eyes Johnny Walsh watched the slim figure move in. His heart was suddenly hammering.

Something about his attitude must have warned Donaldson, for he turned slowly, as if not too interested.

He cursed softly, and attempted to throw up the revolver he clutched. But he was too late, for the girl had already raised hers. Johnny Walsh watched the flick of flame, and listened to the flat report of the .38, mingled with Donaldson's choked cry; he watched as the killer's body twisted and went down!

"Too bad, Ducky," Johnny Walsh said, pride welding a lump in his throat. "My girl evidently spotted us when you tried to bump her off, and followed in her own car. You made a mistake, Ducky. You see, she just joined the department. I didn't want her to but she wouldn't listen to me. You picked on a policewoman, Ducky—for the last time!"

THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH
AN INNOCENT YOUNG MAN IS TO DIE FOR THE MURDER OF THE GIRL HE LOVED! FOR THE SAKE OF JUSTICE, THE MIGHTY TORCH AND TORO TAKE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE CASE, AND FOLLOW A KILLER'S TRAIL TO A PUBLIC AUCTION, WHERE...
"DEATH IS THE HIGHEST BIDDER!"
34th
5th Ave
R-516

TORCH AND TORO SOAR TORRIDLY OVER CITY STREETS, WHEN...
HELP! HELP!
A WOMAN'S SCREAM! LET'S GET DOWN, LAD!
WHAT'S WRONG?
I SAW YOU PASSING BY AND WANTED TO ATTRACT YOUR ATTENTION! TORCH AND TORO, I NEED YOUR HELP BADLY!
I'M ANNE RICHARDS. MY BROTHER JIMMY WAS ARRESTED YESTERDAY FOR THE MURDER OF MITZI MILES, A MODEL AT THE ELITE FUR COMPANY! SHE WAS STABBED TO DEATH TWO NIGHTS AGO! BUT JIMMY IS *INNOCENT!*
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
HE WAS HOME WITH ME AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER. BUT THE POLICE THINK I'M FAKING AN ALIBI TO PROTECT HIM! JIMMY LOVED MITZI, BUT SHE BRUSHED HIM OFF! IN A FIT OF ANGER, HE *DID* THREATEN TO KILL HER...
BUT HE *IS* INNOCENT! I'LL PAY ANYTHING, IF YOU FIND THE *REAL* KILLER!
NEVER MIND THE MONEY! IF HE'S INNOCENT, WE'D LIKE TO PROVE IT FOR THE SAKE OF JUSTICE! DID MITZI MILES HAVE ANY ENEMIES?
I DON'T KNOW! HER APARTMENT, THE MURDER PLACE, IS NUMBER 6, AROUND THE CORNER. I WAS HEADED THERE TO LOOK AROUND!
TORO AND I WILL LOOK AROUND! MAYBE THE POLICE MISSED SOMETHING!

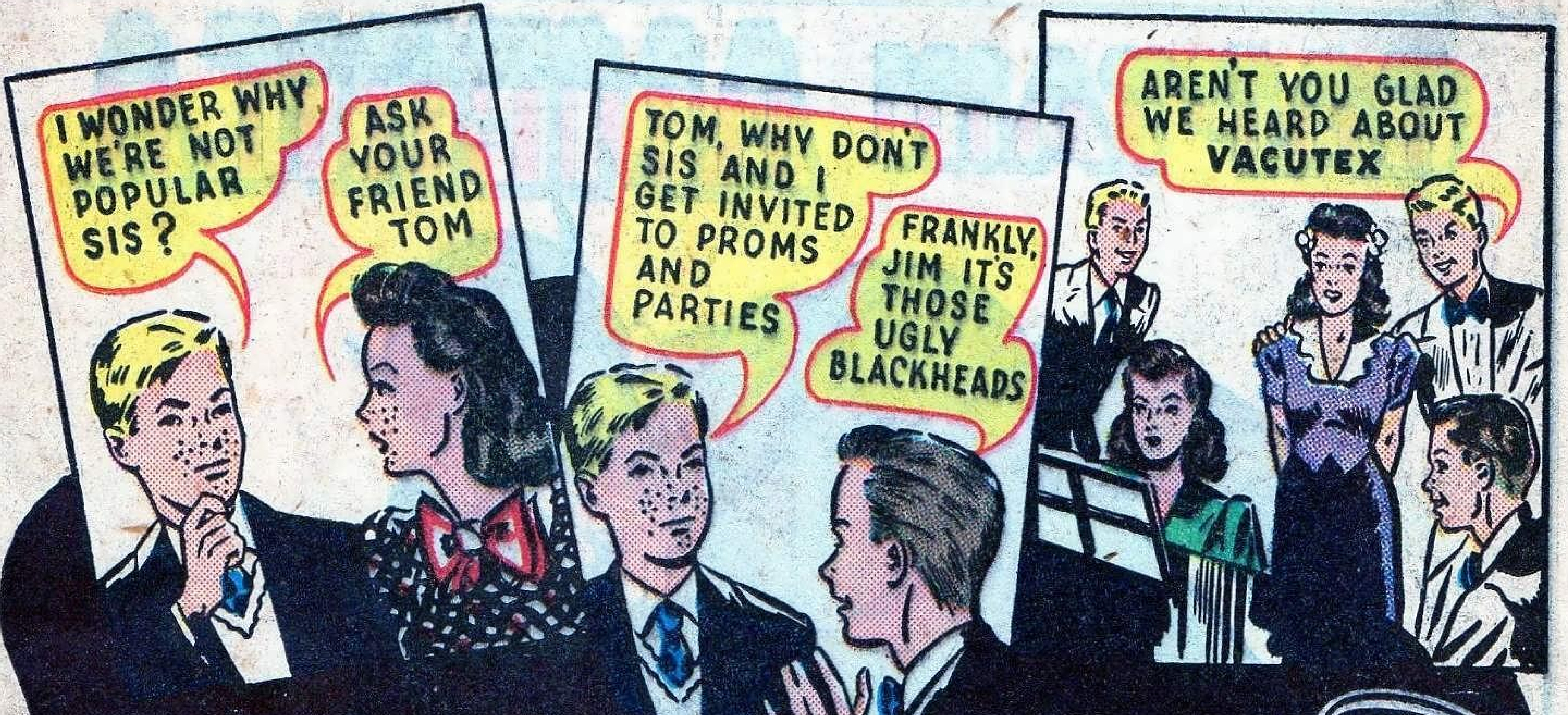
OUTSIDE NO. 6...
IF YOU'RE GOING UP TO THE LATE MITZI MILES' PLACE, SAVE YOUR ENERGY, BOYS! THERE'S NOTHING THERE! HER CREDITORS IMPOUNDED HER FURNITURE TO SELL AT THE GAVELLE AUCTION HOUSE THIS P.M!
ISN'T THAT RATHER QUICK?
SUPPOSING THERE'S SOMETHING—SOME EVIDENCE AMONG HER BELONGINGS!
NAW! THE CHIEF'S ARRESTED THE KILLER—JIMMY RICHARDS... OPEN AND SHUT CASE!
AND THE CHIEF'S SATISFIED!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, TORCH?
WE'RE GOING TO THAT AUCTION! COME ALONG, ANNE, BUT DON'T SIT NEAR TORO AND ME!
AT THE GAVELLE AUCTION HOUSE...
JUST WHY ARE WE HERE, TORCH?
WE MAY FIND OUT MORE ABOUT MITZI'S LIFE. SOMETIMES AN AUCTION ATTRACTS PARTIES PERSONALLY INTERESTED IN THE DECEASED!
AS SALES PROGRESS...
SOLD! THIS CHAISE LONGUE GOES TO THE LADY IN GREEN!
LOOKS LIKE MY HUNCH WAS WRONG! THE PURCHASERS SEEM TO BE THE USUAL TYPES AT ALL AUCTIONS!
AND NOW, WE COME TO THE LAST ITEM! WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS ASH-TRAY? REMEMBER, IT WAS OWNED BY THE LOVELY MITZI MILES, WHO MET HER DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A JILTED SWEETHEART! WHAT'M I BID?

TEN DOLLARS!
I TOLD ANNE I'D SIGNAL HER IF I WANTED HER TO BID ON ANYTHING. *THIS IS IT!* WHY SHOULD A WELL-DRESSED MAN BID TEN DOLLARS FOR AN ASH-TRAY WORTH NO MORE THAN A DOLLAR—UNLESS HE HAD A *PERSONAL INTEREST?*
FIFTEEN DOLLARS!
COMPETITION IS KEEN BETWEEN THE STRANGE MAN AND THE ANXIOUS GIRL! FINALLY...
*SOLD* TO THE YOUNG LADY FOR THIRTY DOLLARS!
TORCH INSTRUCTED ME TO WALK OUT ALONE—AFTER THE AUCTION!
AS ANNE MOVES TO THE STREET...
SO YOU OUTBID ME! BUT IT'S CHEAPER GETTING THE ASH-TRAY THIS WAY!
A SECOND LATER!
YOU'LL *PAY*—WITH *ANSWERS!*

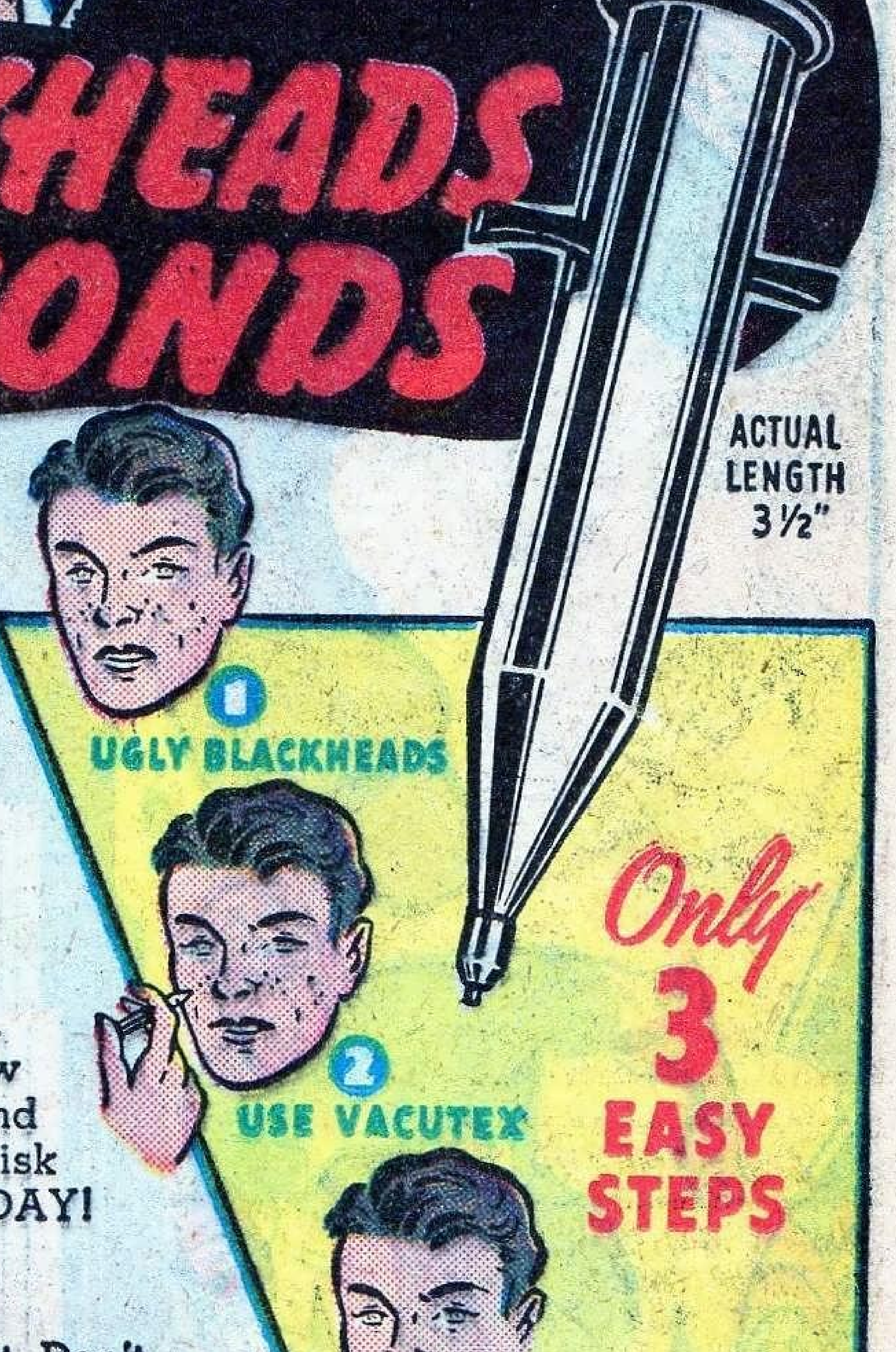
TALK! WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THAT ASH-TRAY? WHO KILLED MITZI?
BUT, AN INSTANT LATER...
(GASP) FLAME GOING OUT!
THIS LIQUID SPECIAL WILL TAKE THE STEAM OUT OF YOU!
WHEN TORCH AND TORO REGAIN THEIR FEET...
THEY GRABBED THE ASH-TRAY FROM ME, AND GOT AWAY!
(SNIFF)(SNIFF) THE ODOR OF THAT LIQUID SPRAY (SNIFF) SMELLS LIKE CITRIC ACETATE!
IT'S A NEW, SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR CLEANING FURS! YOU SAID MITZI WORKED FOR ELITE FURS!
TORO AND I'LL PAY A VISIT THERE!
THE OWNER IS MISTER JOHNSON!
SHORT MINUTES LATER, THE PROBING PAIR QUESTIONS THE FUR MAN...
NOW THAT YOU ASK, MAYBE YOU CAN HELP HERE! I SELL COATS OF VERY FINE FUR! BUT THE CUSTOMERS COMPLAIN THAT THE COATS DELIVERED TO THEM HAVE CHEAP SKINS!
MY ASSISTANT, CARL CORRELL HAS HIRED A DETECTIVE TO INVESTIGATE THIS QUIETLY! THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH BAD PUBLICITY— THE MURDER OF ONE OF OUR MODELS...
DO YOU USE CITRIC ACETATE HERE?

YES! CORRELL INTRODUCED IT HERE! HE GETS IT WHOLESALE!
WHERE IS CORRELL?
IN SPEEDY SECONDS...
SO CORRELL'S HOME TODAY! HE'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE HIRED A DETECTIVE... HMMM! THAT TOUGHY FROM THE AUCTION DOES REMIND ME OF A CHEAP SLEUTH I MET ON THE WEST COAST SOME TIME AGO!
IN THE BASEMENT OF CORRELL'S HOME...
HERE'S THE ASH-TRAY, CORRELL! TORCH AND TORO NEARLY GOT HOLD OF IT!
LUCKY THEY DIDN'T! THAT MITZI ALWAYS KEPT HER SECRET PERSONAL STUFF IN HERE! IT'S GOT A FALSE BOTTOM!
SURE ENOUGH, HUBERT! THIS IS THE LETTER I WROTE HER, WARNING HER NOT TO ASK FOR A BIGGER CUT IN OUR FUR RACKET! AM I GLAD TO GET THIS!
BUT, A SPLASH SECOND LATER!
WELL, HUBERT! HAIR DYED, MOUSTACHE OFF—BUT STILL THE CROOKED SLEUTH!

BUT, AS THE FIERY DUO UNFLAMES...
ONE MORE FLAME OUTA YOU, AND I PLUG THE GIRL!
ANNE!
I WENT TO ELITE! WHEN MISTER JOHNSON TOLD ME YOU'D GONE HERE, I HURRIED HERE, TOO! I WAS SO ANXIOUS! NOW I'VE SPOILED EVERYTHING!
BUT!
THAT—YOU DIDN'T LOOK FOR!
AND THAT'S THAT! CALL THE POLICE, TORO!
WITH PLEASURE!
FRAGILE
HANDLE WITH CARE
THIS SIDE UP
AT HEADQUARTERS...
AND I SWITCHED THE EXPENSIVE PELTS FOR CHEAP ONES! I WAS SELLING THE GOOD STUFF FOR PLENTY! MITZI WAS IN ON IT, BUT WANTED TOO MUCH DOUGH, SO I KILLED HER!
YOU SAVED MY BROTHER'S LIFE! IMAGINE THOSE THIEVES WORKING A FUR RACKET!
BUT THEY SKINNED THEIR OWN HIDES—FOR GOOD!
THE END


I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS
AREN'T YOU GLAD WE HEARD ABOUT VACUTEX

# UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS


ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"
1 UGLY BLACKHEADS
2 USE VACUTEX
3 THEY'RE OUT
Only 3 EASY STEPS

## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Invention. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your $1.00 will be immediately refunded.

**RUSH COUPON**
**10 DAY TRIAL**

BALLCO PROD. CO.
19 W. 44th St., N. Y. C. 18

**BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 4010**
**19 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.**

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage My $1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.

☐ I prefer to enclose $1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.) SORRY NO C.O.D.'s OUTSIDE U. S. A.

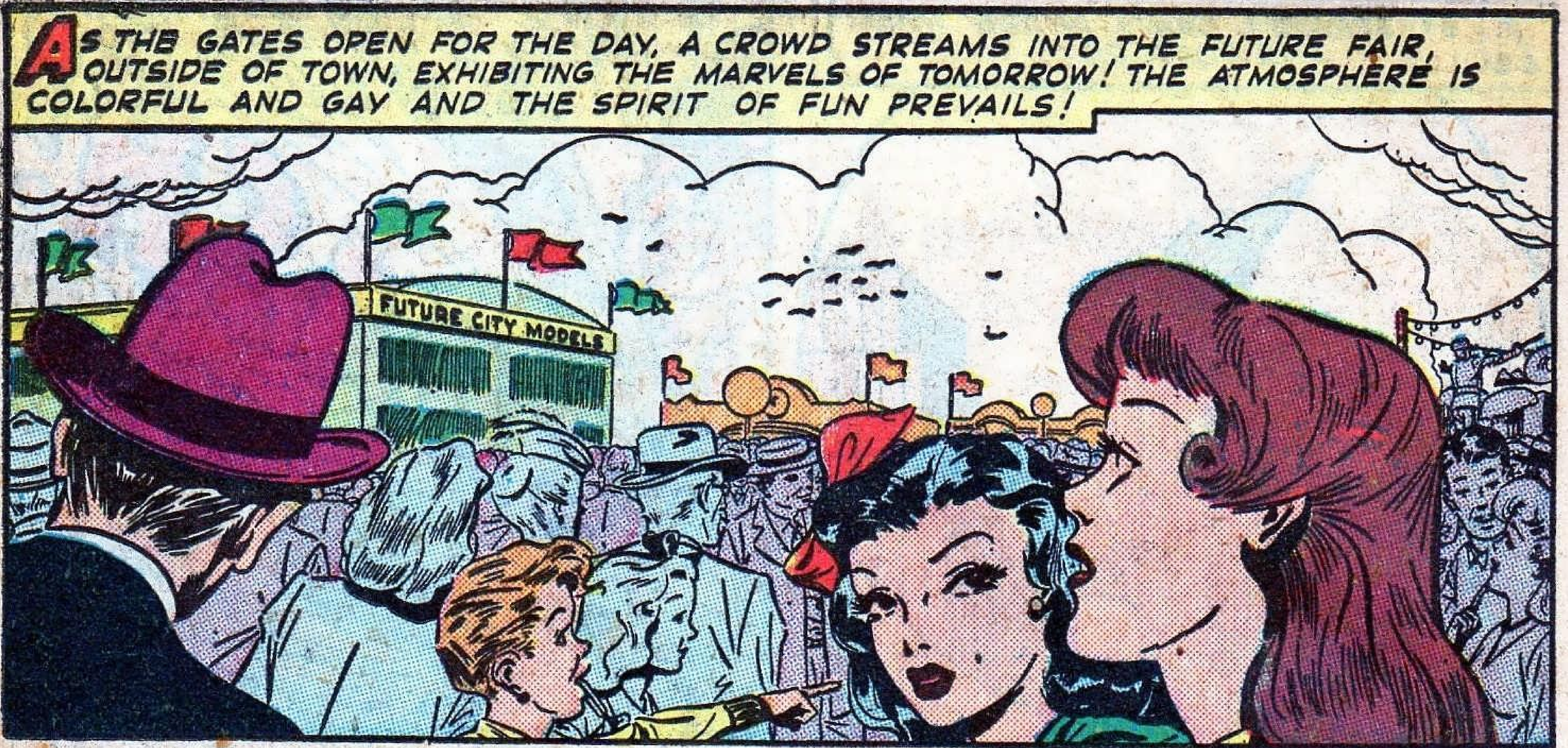
NAME ____________________

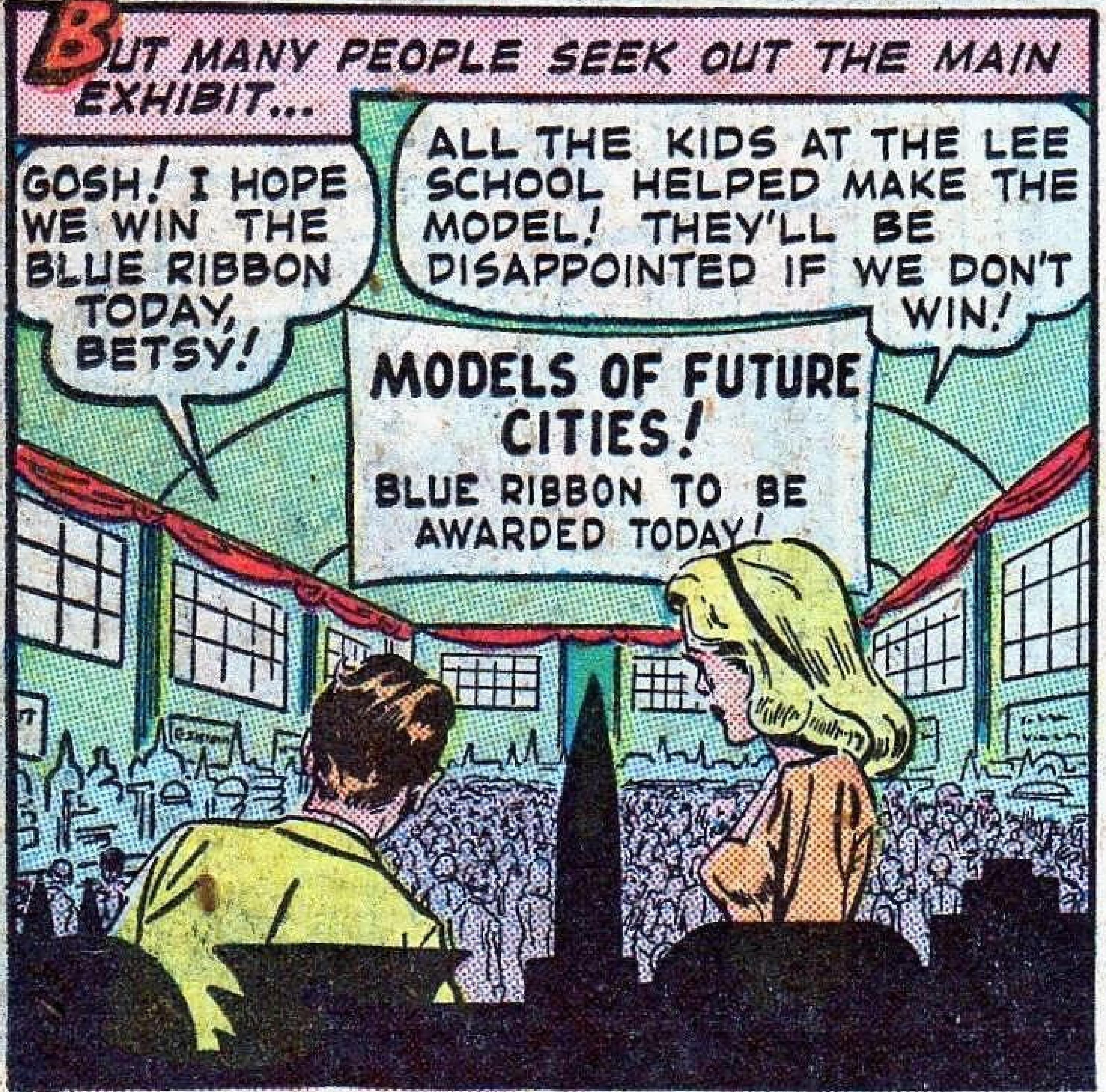
ADDRESS ____________________

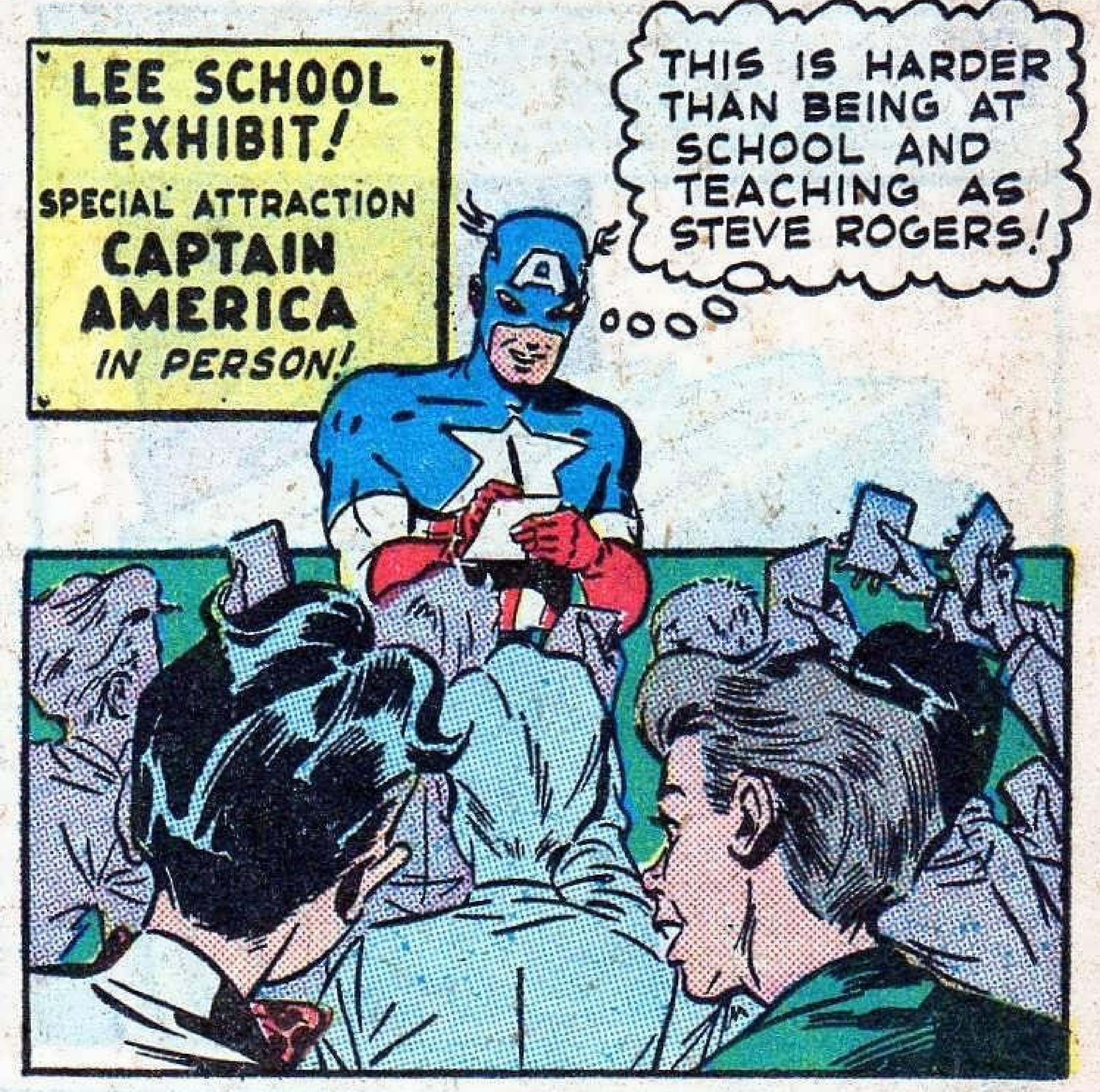
CITY & ZONE ____________ STATE ________

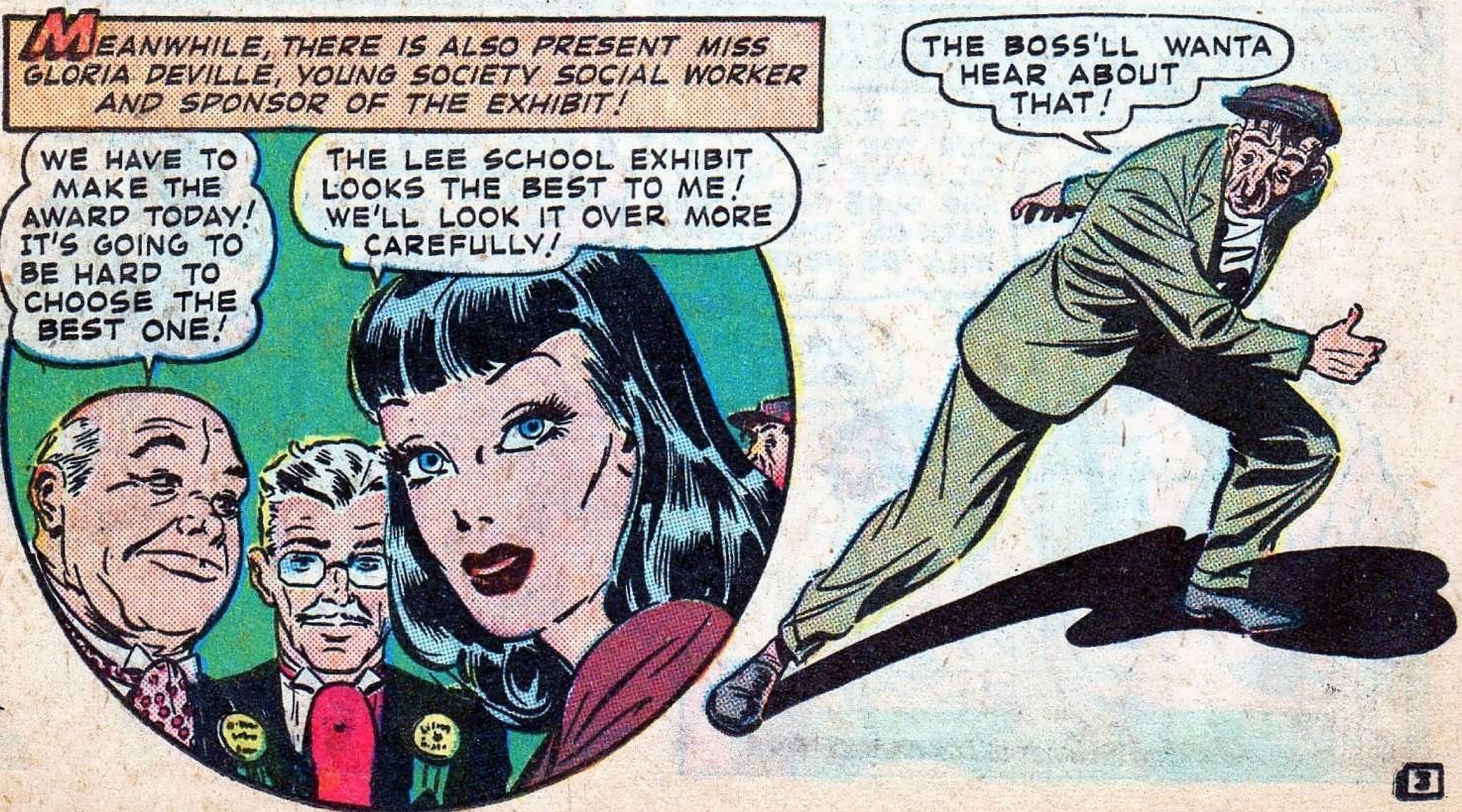
CAPTAIN AMERICA
"TERROR at the FAIR!"
1448

A SKYSCRAPER SWAYS IN THE WIND AND TOPPLES!
CRASH!
WHAT IS THE DEATH TOLL? HOW MANY CRUSHED BODIES LIE UNDER THE DEBRIS? FORTUNATELY, NONE!
THE ONLY CASUALTY IS ONE SORE TOE!
OWW! MY TOE!
IT IS AN EXHIBIT OF A MODEL CITY OF THE FUTURE RUN BY BUCKY BARNES AND BETSY ROSS OF THE LEE SCHOOL!
TOO BAD IT FELL ON YOUR TOE, BUCKY! BUT I'LL HAVE TO HURRY AND GLUE THE TOWER BACK ON! THE CROWDS WILL BE HERE SOON!
GUESS I'LL WALK AROUND A WHILE!
ALSO PRESENT IS A FAMED FIGURE, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
READY TO SIGN MORE AUTOGRAPHS, CAP?
BRING 'EM ON, KID!


AS THE GATES OPEN FOR THE DAY, A CROWD STREAMS INTO THE FUTURE FAIR, OUTSIDE OF TOWN, EXHIBITING THE MARVELS OF TOMORROW! THE ATMOSPHERE IS COLORFUL AND GAY AND THE SPIRIT OF FUN PREVAILS!
FUTURE CITY MODELS


BUT MANY PEOPLE SEEK OUT THE MAIN EXHIBIT...
GOSH! I HOPE WE WIN THE BLUE RIBBON TODAY, BETSY!
ALL THE KIDS AT THE LEE SCHOOL HELPED MAKE THE MODEL! THEY'LL BE DISAPPOINTED IF WE DON'T WIN!
MODELS OF FUTURE CITIES! BLUE RIBBON TO BE AWARDED TODAY!


LEE SCHOOL EXHIBIT! SPECIAL ATTRACTION CAPTAIN AMERICA IN PERSON!
THIS IS HARDER THAN BEING AT SCHOOL AND TEACHING AS STEVE ROGERS!


MEANWHILE, THERE IS ALSO PRESENT MISS GLORIA DEVILLE, YOUNG SOCIETY SOCIAL WORKER AND SPONSOR OF THE EXHIBIT!
WE HAVE TO MAKE THE AWARD TODAY! IT'S GOING TO BE HARD TO CHOOSE THE BEST ONE!
THE LEE SCHOOL EXHIBIT LOOKS THE BEST TO ME! WE'LL LOOK IT OVER MORE CAREFULLY!
THE BOSS'LL WANTA HEAR ABOUT THAT!

BOSS! I HEARD GLORIA DEVILLE SAY THE LEE SCHOOL EXHIBIT IS THE *BEST*!
*WHAT!* THEN IT'S TIME TO ACT!
LATER...
(SNIFF!) I SMELL SMOKE!
*LOOK, BUCKY! FIRE! STRIP FOR ACTION AND LET'S GO!*
A STRANGE FIGURE HAS SET THE BLAZE!
THE LEE SCHOOL *WON'T* WIN— IF IT *BURNS DOWN*!
HOLY COW! SOMEBODY STARTED THE FIRE *ON PURPOSE*!
I'LL GET HIM, BUCKY! YOU PUT OUT THE FIRE!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LIGHTING THE FIRE? WHO ARE YOU?
THEY CALL ME THE ACROBAT! AS FOR THE FIRE, THAT'S *MY* BUSINESS!
I'LL *MAKE* YOU TALK!
AH! BUT YOU HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST! I'M QUITE ELUSIVE!

RIGHT AFTER YOU!
NOW UNDER THIS SPAN!
HEY, RUBE!
COMING, BOSS!
OH, OH! THE PARTY'S GOING TO BE ROUGH!
NOW BEAT HIM UP GOOD, MEN! I'LL WATCH FOR THE FAIR COPS!
IF BUCKY ONLY KNEW WHAT HE'S MISSING!
WHAM!
BAH! GOT TO RUN FOR IT AGAIN!
HE WON'T FOLLOW ME UP HERE!
SAY, CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU CAN'T GO UP THERE! IT'S TIME FOR THE ACROBAT'S PERFORMANCE!
HUH?
HE ACROBAT
AN of MYSTERY
DEATH DEFYING L
- EVERY HOUR! -

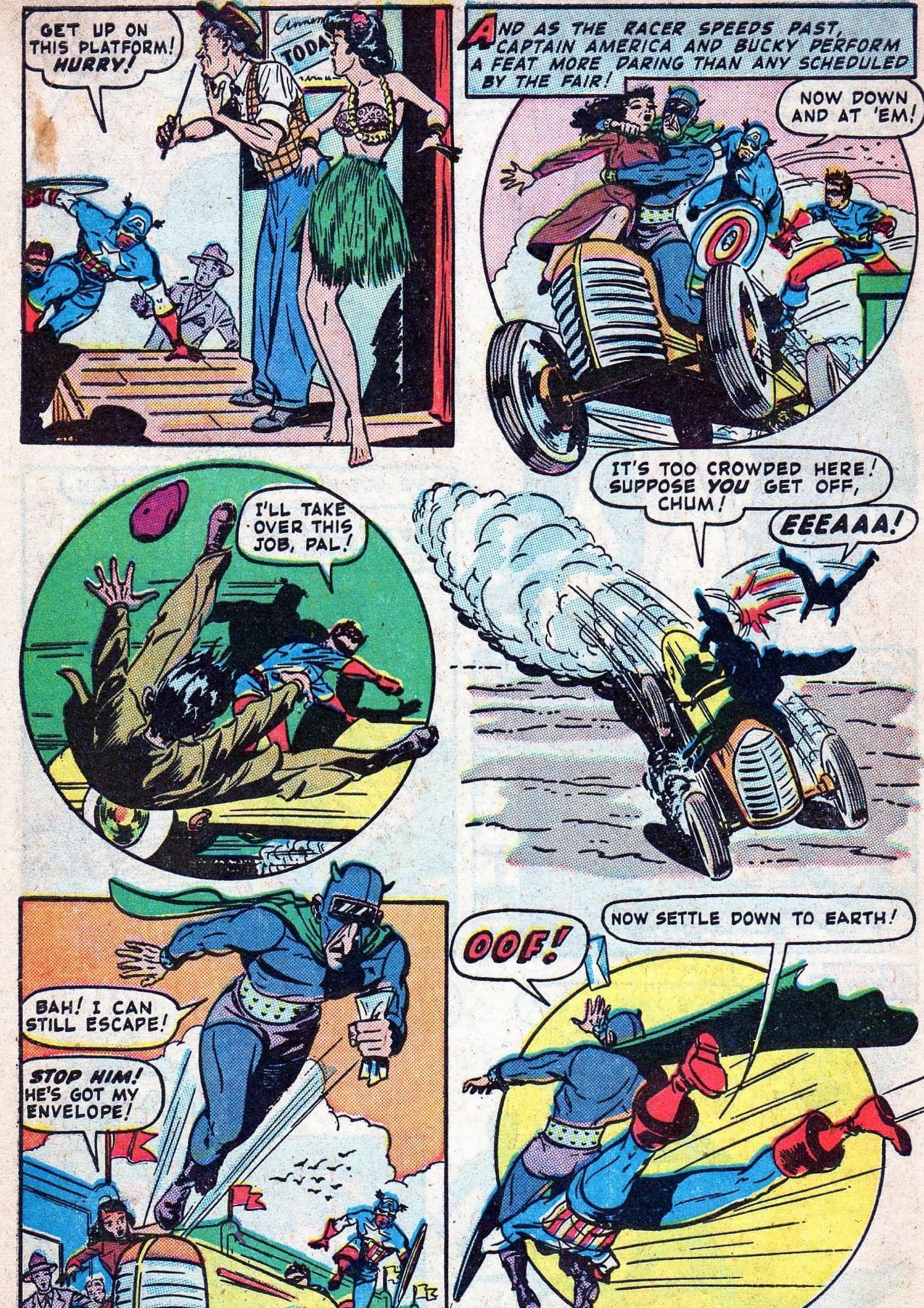
ALL RIGHT, I'LL LET HIM DO HIS ACT! HE DIVES INTO THAT TANK OF WATER! I'LL NAB HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT!
THE ACROBAT PERFORMS HIS HAZARDOUS PLUNGE!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
HEY! IT'S BEEN FIVE MINUTES, AND HE DIDN'T COME UP AGAIN!
THAT'S PART OF HIS ACT! HE NEVER COMES UP! HE HAS A TRAP-DOOR!
HA HA! I CERTAINLY FOOLED CAPTAIN AMERICA!
A BAFFLED CAP RETURNS TO THE LEE SCHOOL EXHIBIT...
THE FIRE DIDN'T DO ANY SERIOUS DAMAGE, CAP! BUT DID YOU CATCH THE GUY WHO DID IT?
NO! HE'S A PERFORMER, THE ACROBAT, AND HE GOT AWAY!
BUT WHY DID HE TRY TO SABOTAGE THE LEE SCHOOL EXHIBIT? DOES HE WANT TO PREVENT US FROM WINNING THE BLUE RIBBON?

WELL, YOU BOYS FIGURE IT OUT! I'M GOING TO LUNCH!
OKAY, BETSY!
MEANWHILE...
WE'VE GOT TO WRECK THAT EXHIBIT! BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS ON GUARD, SO WE MUST DECOY HIM AWAY, AND I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!
THEN...
GRAB THE GIRL!
OHHHHHH!
HELP! HELP!
HEY, BOSS! THEY'LL HEAR US INSIDE THE BUILDING!
FOOL! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE WANT!
BETSY! THEY GRABBED HER, CAP!
COME ON, KID!
THE EXHIBIT OF THE "FUTURE HOUSE WRECKER MACHINE"..
AH! SOME VISITORS! AT LAST SOMEBODY HAS COME TO SEE MY GREAT INVENTION FOR WRECKING HOUSES!
OUTA THE WAY, GRANDPA!
WE WANT TO USE YOUR MACHINE!
GRIND!
CLANK!
WHIRR!

CAP! LOOK!
NOW TOSS THE GIRL IN!
HELP!
RISKING HIS OWN LIFE, CAPTAIN AMERICA LEAPS AMID THE MECHANICAL MONSTER, AND..
HOLD ON, BETSY! I'LL GET YOU!
WHEW! JUST IN TIME! THAT MACHINE COULD HAVE MADE HAMBURGER OUT OF YOU!
ON
OFF
THANKS, KID!
BUT THE ACROBAT AND HIS GUYS ARE GONE!
IT WAS ALL A DECOY! HURRY! BACK TO THE EXHIBIT!
NOW WHILE CAPTAIN AMERICA'S BUSY, WRECK THIS LEE SCHOOL'S EXHIBIT OF A MODEL CITY!
BUT!
WHA...?
CRACK!

AGAIN THE CHASE LEADS OUT INTO THE FAIR GROUNDS!
THIS TIME WE'LL RUN HIM DOWN!
TICKET, PLEASE? OOF!
OUT OF MY WAY, CHUMP!
MAZE OF MADNESS
ENTRANCE
TIC
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY PURSUE INTO THE MAZE OF MADNESS, AND...
THERE HE IS!
WE GOT HIM FOR SURE THIS TIME!
HEY! WHA...?
YEOWW! IT WAS ONLY A MIRROR IMAGE!
NOW WE'RE ALL TANGLED UP! I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO!
AND THAT GIVES THAT ACROBAT CHARACTER TIME TO SKIP!
MEANWHILE...
MAZE OF MADNESS
EXIT
SAFE! IT'LL TAKE THEM TEN MINUTES TO STUMBLE THEIR WAY OUT!
SOON...
HE'S GONE!
WELL, BACK TO THE EXHIBIT! I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S TRYING TO WRECK IT, BUT WE'LL GUARD IT EVERY MINUTE FROM NOW ON!
EXIT

MEANWHILE, MISS GLORIA DEVILLE APPROACHES THE MODEL CITY EXHIBIT...
TIME TO AWARD THE BLUE RIBBON!
AND THE SPECIAL PRIZE ALSO, TO THE LEE SCHOOL!
SO THE LEE SCHOOL WINS! BUT I WANT WHAT'S IN THAT ENVELOPE!
WE'LL TAKE THIS RACING CAR!
TO: RACE TRACK MAIN EVENT 50 LAPS!
I'VE GOT HER! NOW OUT THE MAIN GATE!
EEK! HELP!
THEN!
CAPTAIN AMERICA, EH? RUN HIM DOWN!
HE GRABBED GLORIA DEVILLE! WE CAN'T STOP THAT CAR, CAP!


GET UP ON THIS PLATFORM! HURRY!
TODA
AND AS THE RACER SPEEDS PAST, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY PERFORM A FEAT MORE DARING THAN ANY SCHEDULED BY THE FAIR!
NOW DOWN AND AT 'EM!
I'LL TAKE OVER THIS JOB, PAL!
IT'S TOO CROWDED HERE! SUPPOSE YOU GET OFF, CHUM!
EEEAAA!
BAH! I CAN STILL ESCAPE!
STOP HIM! HE'S GOT MY ENVELOPE!
SCREECH!
OOF!
NOW SETTLE DOWN TO EARTH!

LET'S TAKE YOUR GOGGLES OFF AND — HEY! YOU'RE THE SAME GUY WHO PUT UP THE EXHIBIT CALLED "CITY OF 1960"! SO, YOU AND THE ACROBAT ARE THE SAME PERSON!
BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY HE'D GO TO SUCH LENGTHS JUST TO WIN A BLUE RIBBON?
THE ANSWER IS IN THIS ENVELOPE! YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE MAKE THE AWARD!
SOON...
THE LEE SCHOOL EXHIBIT WINS THE BLUE RIBBON!
AND ALSO THIS SPECIAL SURPRISE!
WHY, IT'S MONEY!
YES! $10,000! YOU SEE, I'M BUYING THIS MODEL YOU BUILT! I AND OTHER SOCIAL WORKERS INTEND TO PROMOTE FUTURE CITIES BUILT ACCORDING TO YOUR MODEL! IT WILL BE THE CITY OF THE FUTURE WITHOUT SMOKE, NOISE, OR SLUMS!
SO! SOMEHOW THE ACROBAT WAS TIPPED OFF ABOUT THIS CASH PRIZE! THAT'S WHAT HE WANTED!
AS FOR THIS MONEY, IT WILL GO TO THE LEE SCHOOL LUNCH FUND!
RIGHT, BETSY! FREE LUNCHES FOR KIDS FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!
THE END

Miss America
10¢
TEEN-LIFE
Stories
Movie Stars
Starring Patsy Walker
Comics
TOPS FOR TEENS
Quizzes
Fashions
JUNIOR MISS
10¢
Features
Starring Cindy Smith
Love Letter Answers
Patterns

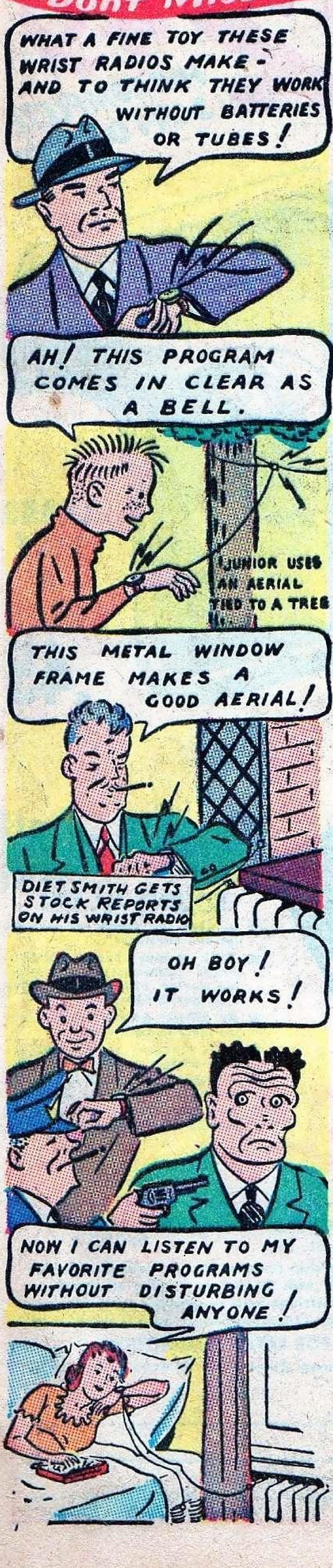
# Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!
# Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!

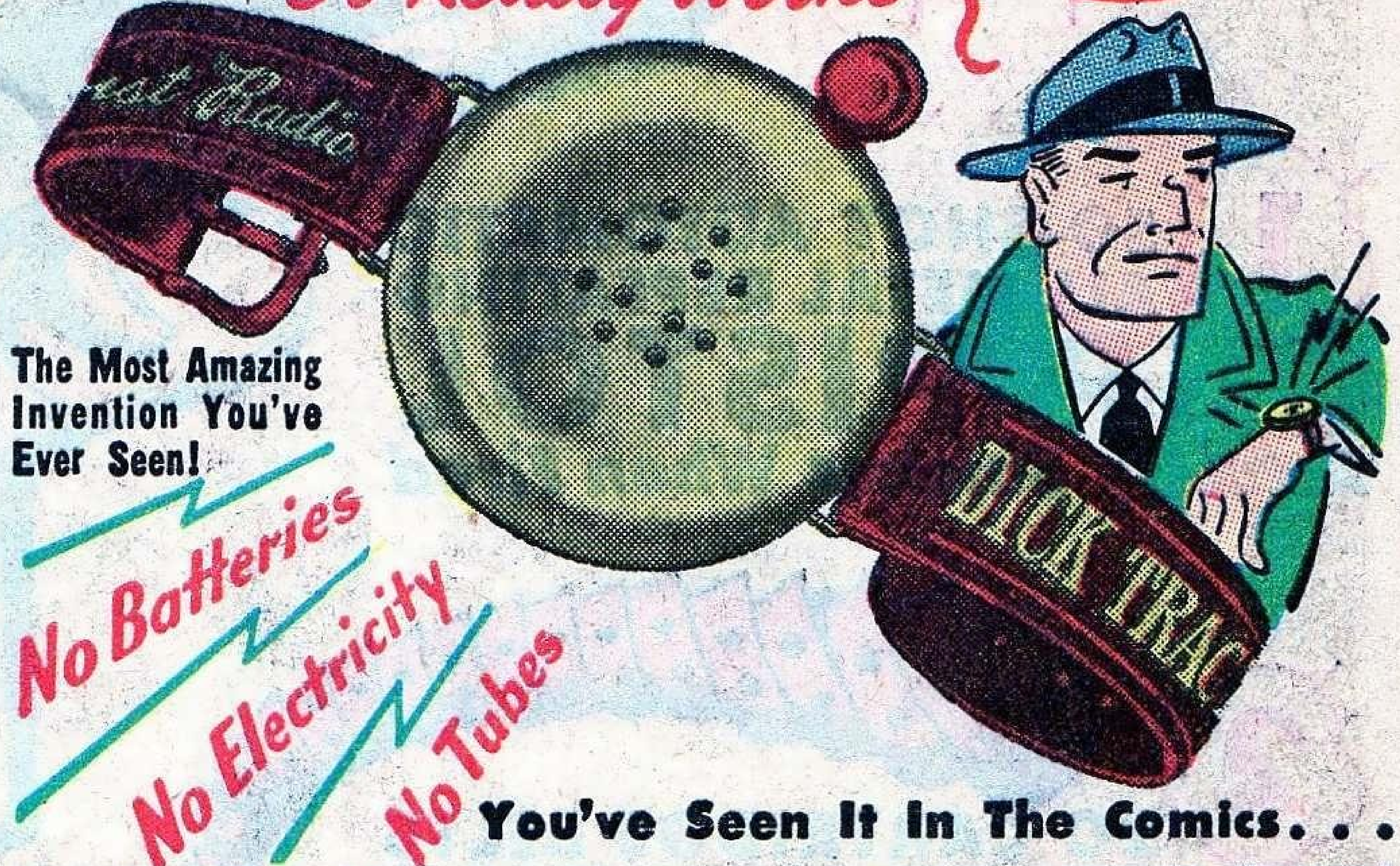
Don't Miss This Chance of a Lifetime to get your

## Genuine
# DICK TRACY WRIST RADIO

For Only **$3.98** Complete with Aerial and Ground Wires

*It Really Works*


WHAT A FINE TOY THESE WRIST RADIOS MAKE - AND TO THINK THEY WORK WITHOUT BATTERIES OR TUBES!
AH! THIS PROGRAM COMES IN CLEAR AS A BELL.
JUNIOR USES AN AERIAL TIED TO A TREE
THIS METAL WINDOW FRAME MAKES A GOOD AERIAL!
DIET SMITH GETS STOCK REPORTS ON HIS WRIST RADIO
OH BOY! IT WORKS!
NOW I CAN LISTEN TO MY FAVORITE PROGRAMS WITHOUT DISTURBING ANYONE!


Wrist Radio
DICK TRAC

**The Most Amazing Invention You've Ever Seen!**

No Batteries
No Electricity
No Tubes

**You've Seen It In The Comics . . .**

**NOW YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF YOUR VERY OWN!**

Here it is, kids . . . the one and only DICK TRACY Wrist Radio that actually tunes in stations many miles away! And it's yours to own for only $3.98. Just think of the fun you'll have using it . . . listening to ball games . . . getting the lowdown on things the very moment they happen, no matter where you may be! With a DICK TRACY Wrist Radio you'll immediately become the most popular kid in town . . . the envy of the entire neighborhood! But remember our quantity is limited, so if you want to be sure of getting yours you had better ACT NOW!

**WEAR IT LIKE ANY WATCH . . . TUNE IT IN LIKE ANY RADIO**

Not just a dream . . . but a scientific reality! At last, radio engineers have developed a radio so compact you can wear it on your wrist. Specially built-in earphone assures *private* reception for your ears alone, and powerful crystal detector pulls in far-off stations. Comes to you complete with amazingly compact aerial and ground connections. Amuse yourself, amaze your friends! Get on the road to popularity! Clip the handy coupon and order your DICK TRACY Wrist Radio *today!*

**Supply Limited! Clip This Coupon and Mail!**

PARKER JOHNS, Inc., Dept. DTR 11 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my genuine DICK TRACY Wrist Radio for only $3.98. If not delighted I will return radio within 5 days for a complete refund!

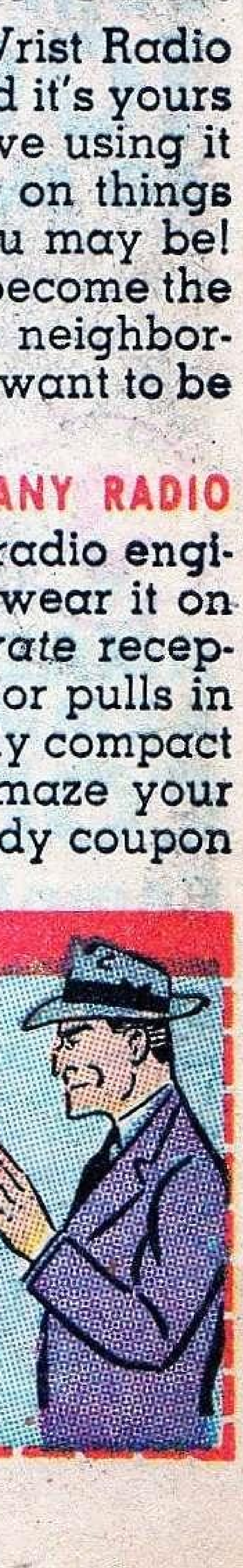
CHECK ONE
☐ I am enclosing $3.98. Please ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $3.98 plus postage.

Residents of Illinois Please include 2% State Tax. Price in Canada add 50c. No C.O.D.'s.

Name____________________

Address____________________

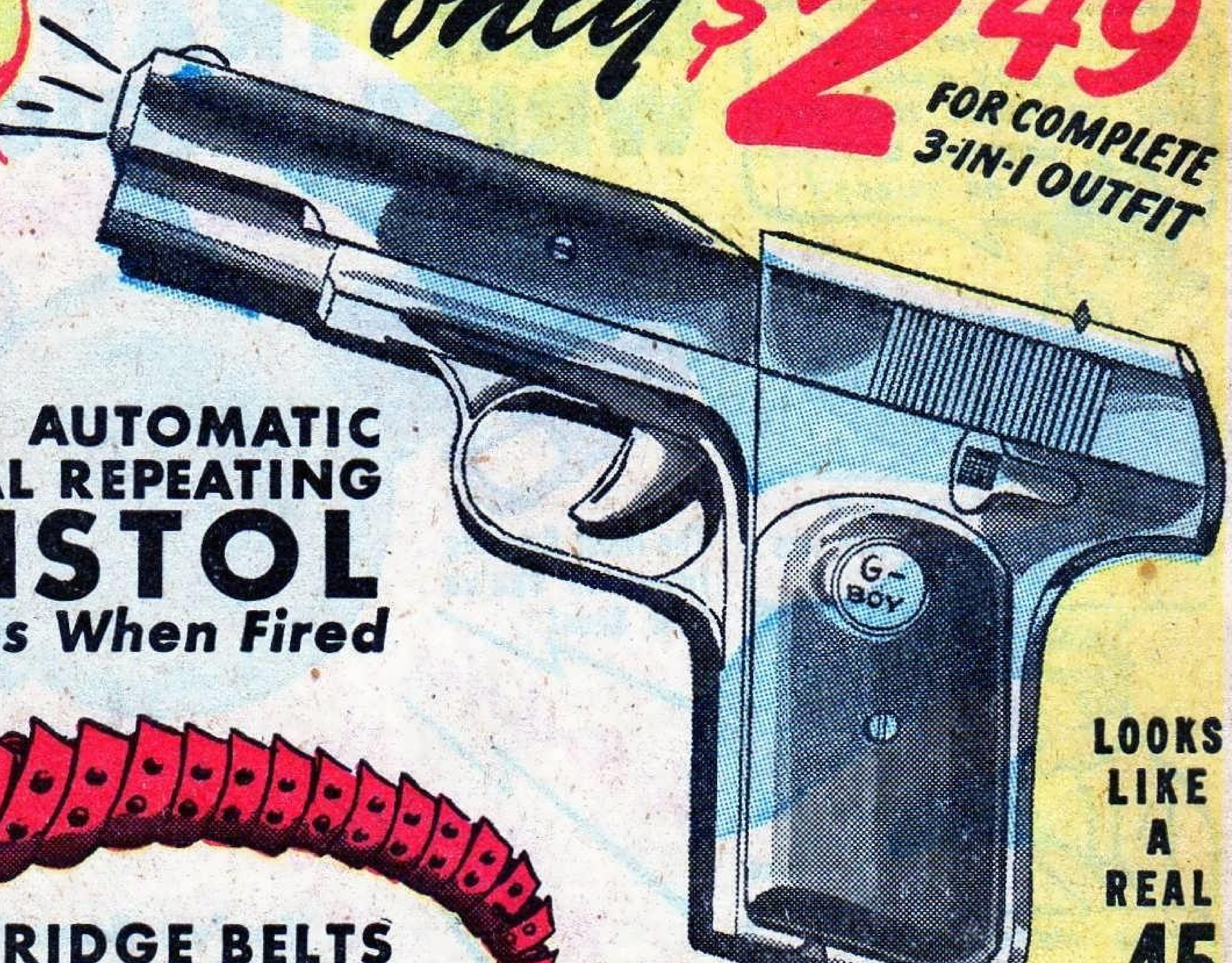
City__________ Zone____ State__________



# Junior G-MAN CRIME-BUSTER OUTFIT

BIG 3-IN-1

only $2.49 FOR COMPLETE 3-IN-1 OUTFIT

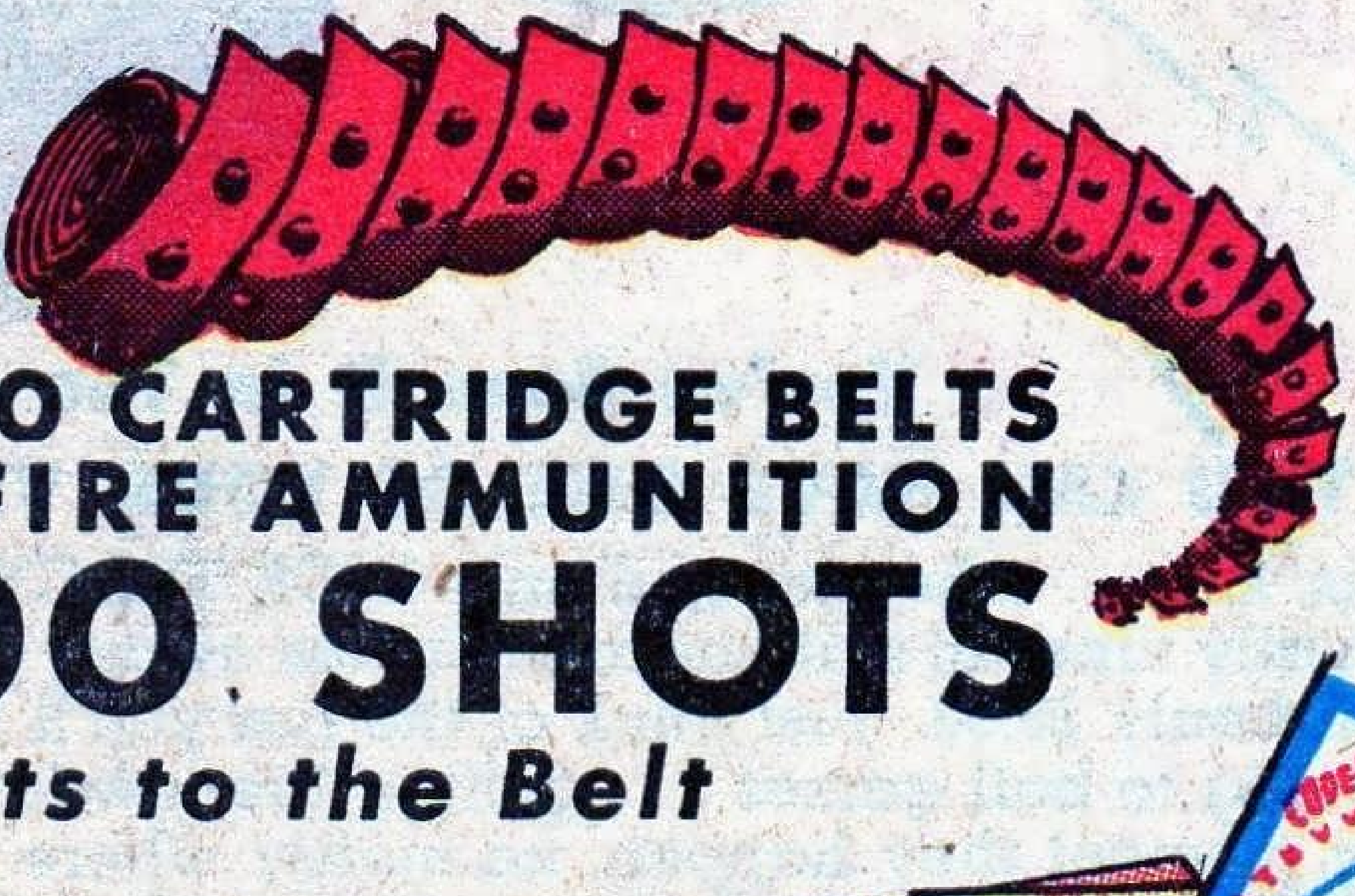


LOOKS LIKE A REAL .45

1 50-SHOT AUTOMATIC ALL METAL REPEATING

## CAP PISTOL

**Actually Smokes When Fired**



2 20 CARTRIDGE BELTS SURE-FIRE AMMUNITION

## 1000 SHOTS

**50 Shots to the Belt**

CODE-O-GRAPH
Official SECRET CODE MANUAL
JUNIOR
CODE-O-GRAPH

**CODE-O-GRAPH INCLUDES ALL THIS**

- ★ A generous supply of invisible ink and developer.
- ★ TWO Armme Secret Code-O-Graph instruments — the amazing device with over 1,000,000 code possibilities.
- ★ An official Armme Secret Service Identification Card.
- ★ TWO special secret message pads containing 40 sheets.
- ★ A secret code manual for special Armme Code-O-Graph Agents.
- ★ An Armme Code-O-Graph Secret Service Membership Certificate.

3 AMAZING ARMME

## CODE-O-GRAPH

**Complete with Invisible Ink**

### PLAY SPY, DETECTIVE OR G-MAN

Boy O Boy! You'll be just like the big-time G-Men, Secret Agents and famous Detectives with your swell 3 in 1 Crime-Buster Outfit. Your friends will say it's terrific, and will they be keen to have you organize the whole neighborhood for real-life combat battles, breaking spy rings, or for modern cops and robbers. And Mom and Pop will be proud of you as the *leader*. Gee Whiz! This keen pistol looks just like the "45's" carried by Army Officers, and the 1000 rounds of ammunition give you a chance to capture plenty of "wrong guys." The Code-O-Graph is a whiz for secret messages in code written in *invisible ink*, plus secret identification cards and membership certificates. It's worth saving your allowance for. Help prevent crime. Hurry and send for *your* Big 3 in 1 Crime-Buster outfit *today*.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

ALLEN-ROBERT Dept. CB100
4364 Elston Ave., Chicago 41, Ill.

Price in Canada add 50c
No C.O.D.'s

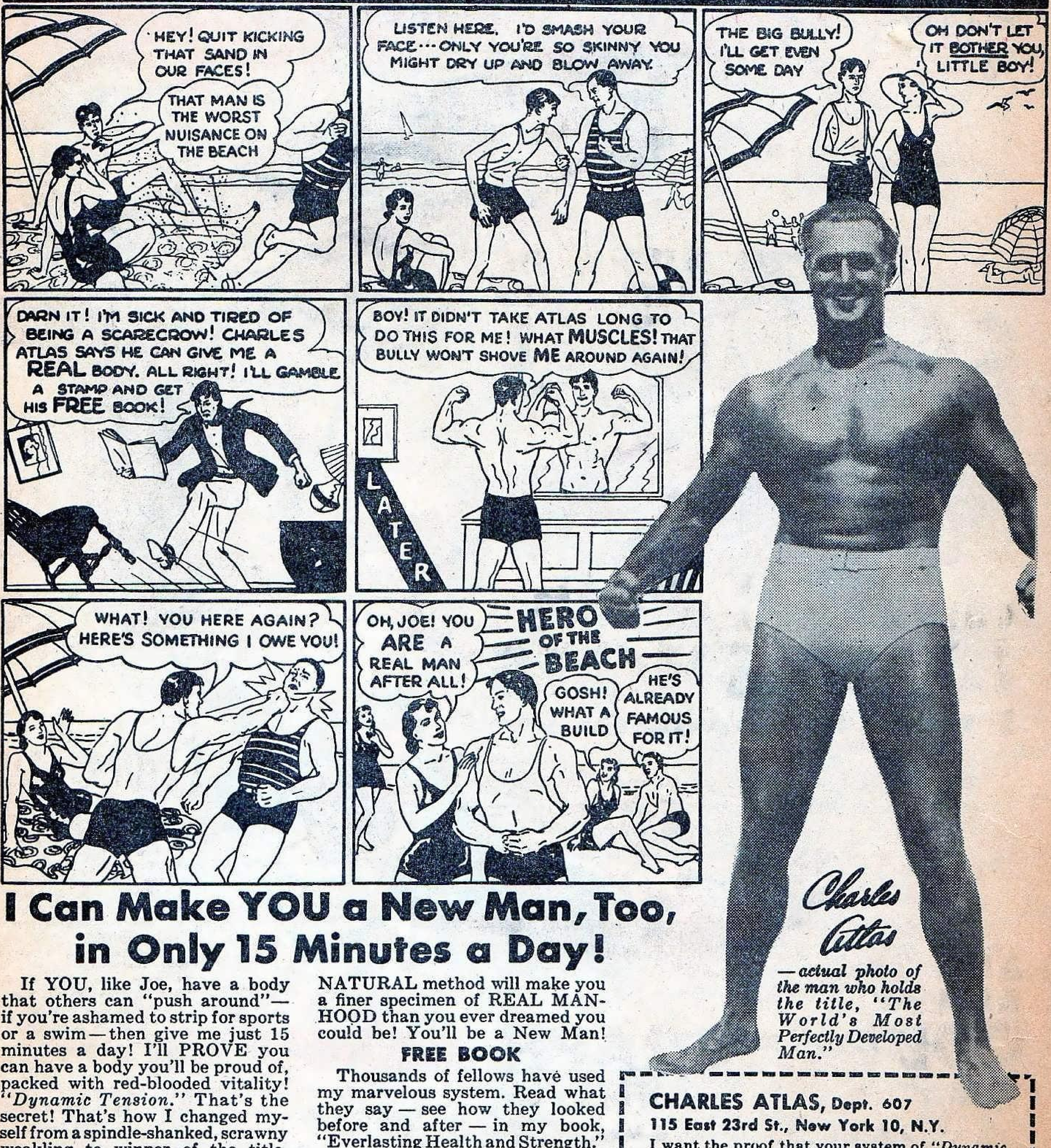
I am enclosing $2.49. Please ship (express charges collect) a Junior G-Man Crime-Buster Outfit with 50-shot automatic, all metal repeating cap pistol *plus* 20 cartridge belts of sure-fire ammunition—1000 shots in all, and a Code-O-Graph. Money back if dissatisfied.

**CHECK BELOW FOR EXTRA AMMUNITION**

☐ I am enclosing an additional $1—include 40 extra 50-shot belts (2000 extra shots).

Name________________________________
(Please Print Clearly)
Address______________________________
City__________________Zone_____State__________

# HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME


HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE. I'D SMASH YOUR FACE··· ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
LATER
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!
HERO OF THE BEACH
GOSH! WHAT A BUILD
HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

Charles Atlas

*—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."*

## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "*Dynamic Tension.*" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

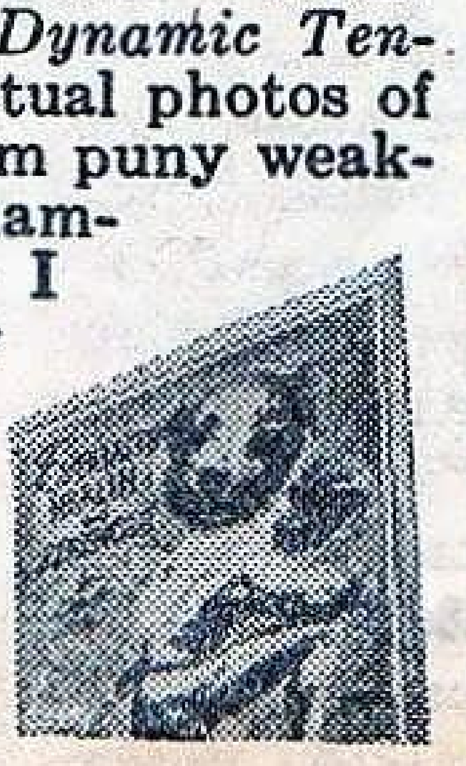
### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "*Dynamic Tension*" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say — see how they looked before and after — in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—*FREE.* It tells all about "*Dynamic Tension,*" shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 607, 115 East 23rd St., New York10, N.Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 607**
**115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me – give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.......................................................Age..........
(Please print or write plainly)

Address..................................................................

City............................ Zone No. (if any) ..........State...............

A *Schwinn-Built* BICYCLE IS THE ONLY BIKE FOR ME!

**With its famous *Schwinn* guarantee**

Try a Schwinn! Ask your Schwinn dealer . . . or borrow a friend's. See for yourself how easy and enjoyable it is to pedal a Schwinn . . . how smooth and economical it is to ride. Look at the sparkling finish that stays new looking for years . . . the world's strongest frame construction . . . and the stronger, lighter, tubular rims. A Schwinn gives you long wearing, special steel hub and crank bearings, built-in, non-rattle chain guard, streamlined Fenderlites, plus the famous Schwinn guarantee. Look for the name of the nearest retailer of Schwinn-Built Bicycles in your classified telephone directory

*Plus*

**EXCLUSIVE SCHWINN FEATURES**

1. **KNEE-ACTION SPRING FORK** for smoother, easier riding
2. **TUBULAR RIMS** for greater strength with less weight
3. **FOREWHEEL BRAKES** for trigger-quick stops
4. **CYCLELOCK** for built-in theft-protection
5. **BUILT-IN KICKSTAND** for trouble-free parking

**FREE EXCITING MOVIE STAR - BICYCLE FOLDER**

For the Ride of a Lifetime!

*See your favorite movie stars enjoying their Schwinn-Built Bicycles. A sparkling collection of great pictures . . in full color! Get yours simply by sending your name and address on a penny postcard Do it now!*

**Look for the Schwinn Seal of Quality on the Frame Beneath the Saddle.**

QUALITY SCHWINN CHICAGO

**ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.**
**1733-A N. KILDARE AVE., CHICAGO 39, ILL.**

**PASTE ON PENNY POSTCARD—MAIL TODAY**

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1733-A N. Kildare Ave.,
Chicago 39, Illinois

Please send me FREE Movie Star - Bicycle Folder.

*Name*..............................................*Age*..........

*Address*..................................................................

*Town*............................*Zone*.....*State*.......